

# In Many Moods

HENRY G. SWIFT



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IN MANY MOODS



# In Many Moods

*Verses Grave and Gay*

Including

A FEW POEMS OF PURPOSE

by

HENRY G. SWIFT ✓  
"

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*“A Verse will find him who a sermon flies.”*

*To*  
THE POSTAL WORKERS  
*Of*  
THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD  
*This*  
THE AMERICAN EDITION  
*Of*  
MY LITTLE BOOK  
*Is*  
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED  
*By*  
ONE OF THEMSELVES



# APPRECIATION

*By*

SIR A. CONAN DOYLE

The Eminent Writer and Poet

Crowborough,  
Sussex.

Re. In Many Moods

“I like many of your little poems, you have a true  
gift . . . . .”

A. CONAN DOYLE

Oct. 12th, 1922.



## Foreword

This little volume of verse by a workaday poet contains a collection selected by their author, Henry G. Swift.

As a pleasant diversion from more solid and serious labours he has gathered together and presents these few stray petals — maybe as a preliminary to a later bunch of flowers full-blown.

The title “In Many Moods” indicates their nature — reflections and musings of the poet’s mind, “From grave to gay, from lively to severe.”

The author has spent his life mostly in association with London working-men and women; their problems, pleasures and pains were his personal experiences. They have inspired and encouraged him and for them he has mainly written. He saw beyond the shabby superficialities of drab existences and more deeply sensed the nobility of Humanity’s heart and mind. From Kipling he could truly quote:—

“I have eaten your bread and salt,  
I have drunk your water and wine;  
The deaths ye have died I have watched beside  
And the lives ye have lived were mine.”

In flights of Fancy he has brushed the peaks of the Mystical and has heard and held the music and

## FOREWORD

the message which re-echo in his verse; with eyes that perceived the beauty of things with the clearer vision of the poet and seer, he has had glorious glimpses to record.

His moods are mainly ones of hope and cheer, together with a blend of sentiment and satire. They bring solace to the sorrowful, balm for the bruised in heart and a warm and welcome antidote for those downcast by the carking cares and chilly shadows of life. They would substitute the smile for the frown and some would draw an occasional sigh from the sympathetic and cynical alike.

His verses diffuse the genial warmth that glows in his heart for Humanity and living things.

E. J. S.

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## To the Critic

("A Pilgrim Poet Knocking at thy Gate.")

Great Arbiter of this our Scribbling Age,  
My grateful thanks that you at last should deign  
To scan this stranger Poet's callow page  
To winnow from the chaff some golden grain!  
And should you, as my themes themselves enfold,  
Herein some unexpected merit find,  
I trust — but dare not ask with candor bold —  
That you who act as Judge may yet be kind.

'Tis not for me to such indulgence crave,  
Who must as yet upon the threshold wait  
That fateful moment when at last you wave  
The magic wand that mars or makes men great.  
No praise unmerited I'll coax from thee,  
For this, my varied verse I here present;  
I lowly bow to thee whose wise decree  
Spells welcome, or perpetual banishment.

And since my Muse alone my suit must plead  
— No other pleader have I to befriend —  
I'll merely ask, if this you haply read,  
That you reserve your judgment till the end.  
A budding bard perforce must wait and trust  
Perusal may be worth a critic's while;  
And I'll esteem your verdict more than just  
If issued with but one approving smile.

## IN MANY MOODS

### A Bottle of Ink

(“Aquafortis or reviling ink.”—PETER PINDAR).

A bottle of ink, a bottle of ink!  
Black, black as destruction's brink.  
A vial of wrath, or a well of truth;  
The liquid fire of the love of youth;  
Sweet as honey, bitter as gall,  
Searing wherever its drops may fall.  
A healing balm to a heart in pain;  
O'er the page of life a corroding stain.  
Poison in which base tongues are dipped,  
With which the arrows of hate are tipped.  
Indelible gold of the pen of fame  
That speaks to the world in words of flame;  
Life-blood of genius drained and drained  
Ere the fleeting goal of success be gained.  
Sweat of the pale moist brow of thought;  
Tears of the Jester with cares distraught;  
Water of Lethe, a hemlock draught  
By many a slave of the pen deep quaffed.  
Rainbow dye of bright fancy's wings;  
Gilding of Treaties and vows of Kings.  
Vitriol acid from Slander's lips;  
Flattery's nectar which Beauty sips;  
Deep-drugged honey of Love's deceit;  
Laudanum mingled with perfume sweet;

## IN MANY MOODS

Wine that fires and inflames the blood ;  
A crystal stream, or a murky flood.  
— A bottle of ink, a bottle of ink,  
What thoughts and passions play round thy brink!



## IN MANY MOODS

### My Wife

The most womanly woman of all her sex  
Is the sweet little woman I call my wife;  
Though when she pleases she oft can vex,  
Yet I love her as well as I love my life.  
She has no pretensions to being a saint;  
She has human faults — well, just a few,  
But she bears her cares with as little complaint  
As the sweetest saint that ever I knew.

She's the timidest woman about the house;  
Nervous at trifles night and day;  
At the sight of a poor little harmless mouse  
She'd faint in the regular orthodox way.  
But, yet, somehow she's as brave as can be  
Whenever there's trouble or trial to bear;  
Where the strongest man would be helpless, she  
Is like an angel of mercy there.



## IN MANY MOODS

### The Seven Principles of Man

(Theosophical).

The being of man, so we are told,  
Is composite, and sevenfold:  
Seven principles together rolled  
— I never knew I had so many;  
I may mistake, of course, and yet,  
If I some things don't quite forget,  
I rather fancy I have met  
Some men — who had not any!

## IN MANY MOODS

### My Secret Shrine

There's a Shrine at which I worship, I with sacred  
blossoms wreathe,

None can therein enter with me or repeat the prayer  
I breathe,

In the simple solemn service but one alone takes part,  
For my secret shrine is hidden in the Temple of my  
heart.

When the world misunderstands me and friends pro-  
nounce me cold.

There's a Self beneath the surface that no thought-  
less eyes behold

When their revels and their pleasures for the time  
can not be mine

There I hold a sweet communion in my little secret  
shrine,

Where the Past invites re-union, and my conscience  
I resign,

There I hold a sweet communion in my little secret  
shrine.

When the merry jest and laughter from my lips have  
died away,

And the sordid things forgotten of the busy work-a-  
day,

And the smiling mask of pleasure for a while is laid  
aside,

## IN MANY MOODS

And the ghosts of thoughts remorseful come to gently,  
gently chide,  
Then I draw aside the curtain where my treasure is  
concealed,  
And as freely render homage as the flowers incense  
yield,  
Where the blossoms of a memory everlastingly en-  
twine,  
In the soothing sanctuary of my little secret shrine.  
No cathedral lofty, airy — of an exquisite design,  
Could afford me Sanctuary like my simple little  
shrine!

All the world with all its riches, and a thousand years  
to live  
All the pride of place and glory with the power to  
take and give,  
With the gift of life's elixir, and the love of youth  
renewed  
And the glamour of a romance and my path with  
roses strewed,  
All the power of kings and princes and a thousand  
years to reign,  
All without that which I worship would be worthless  
and in vain!  
For Fame and Fortune's kisses would be wormwood  
in my wine  
Were the price the full surrender of that idol in my  
shrine.  
Not for palaces of splendor or for all the jewels that  
shine,  
Would I willingly surrender that sweet idol in my  
shrine.

## IN MANY MOODS

### “Died for His Dog!”

Suggested by an Epitaph in a Country Churchyard.

“Died for his dog!” By the world forgot;  
His simple life’s record as tho’ ’twere not,  
Here rests he beneath this sentinel stone,  
One who lived his day and to few was known,  
As a tree by the storms of life o’erthrown,

Now a sapless log

He as silently went as he silently came;  
His birth and his death and his humble name  
His only titles to earthly fame —

But he “died for his dog!”

“Died for his dog!” — yet where was the slur,  
Though he lived but to die for a helpless cur!  
What had he died midst the world’s regret,  
Or just a somebody’s eyes were wet?

A somebody treasures his memory yet

In a saint’s catalogue!

Lived he in honour or died he in shame  
Death’s pointed shaft would have found him the same;  
But perhaps ’twas as well when the Messenger came,  
To have “died for his dog!”

## IN MANY MOODS

“Died for his dog!” — and die we must all,  
The prince and the beggar, the great and small,  
The scornfully good in their righteousness clad,  
The saint and the sinner and worse than bad,  
The priest and the prophet, inspired or mad,  
And the mystagogue.

Yet who shall predict that before God's throne  
The world's far-famed shall be better known  
Than he whose grave is with weeds o-ergrown,  
But who “died for his dog!”

## IN MANY MOODS

### Another—On a Nameless Dog

That Sacrificed Itself to Save the Life of a Child.

“Died like a Dog!” — ye who, proud of your soul,  
Would the Universe all and its laws control,  
Who dream that this o’er-soaring mind of thine  
Entitles but thee to the spark divine,  
That Heaven’s light only for thee can shine,  
And for thee its plan —  
Why, the brute ye oft’ callously kick and maim,  
At the gate of Heaven may bar your claim;  
For a Dog oft’ hath put human curs to shame

— And “died like a man!”

## IN MANY MOODS

### Fair Plebeian Flower

Fair plebeian flower of lowly birth  
Which peeps from mead and mossy dell;  
And star-bespangles verdant earth,  
All Nature-lovers love thee well!  
Thy petals white are like the snow  
Which sometimes flakes thy velvet bed,  
And, lightly tipped with sunset glow,  
They coronet thy golden head!  
Fair jewel dropped from Flora's crown  
Nor radiant-hued, nor glaring bright,  
Yet shining on the grassy down  
A living pearl of liquid light —  
Fair plebeian flower untrained and free,  
Thy modest charm, thy simple grace  
Reflect the spotless purity  
And innocence of Virtue's face!



## IN MANY MOODS

### Address to Fashion

Gaudy and giddy, gay Goddess of Fashion,  
Feared and adored in every clime,  
Wherever, whatever thy mirror may flash on,  
A patch or a darn shall be deemed a crime.  
In every mad and fantastic whimsy,  
In all thy whirlings and rigs and reels,  
In monstrous garb or light and flimsy,  
Slaves close follow about your heels!

Ever *de rigour* yet always changing,  
Each day mocking your yesterday's whim,  
Shapes and patterns e'er re-arranging  
To suit the figures of plump or slim.  
Chameleon change to change succeeding,  
Ever re-moulding the form and face;  
Be it ordered to-day that we humps are needing,  
To-morrow, they'd sure to be out of place.

Balloon-like sleeves and air-ball shoulders,  
Trailing tails and bird's-wing capes,  
One day perfect to all beholders,  
Soon are accounted unnatural shapes.  
*Recherchè* now, but if some time after  
The same sweet model should catch the eye,  
The worshippers shake their sides with laughter,  
And call the wearer an awful guy!



## IN MANY MOODS

Hats displaying birds, beasts and fishes,  
Or each like florist's or fruiter's stall,  
Or shaped like basins or cups or dishes,  
And worn alike by short and tall,  
In distant lands would be downright silly  
Or thought the result of a madcap quirk,  
As those in the Row or Piccadilly  
Might smile at the garb of a turbaned Turk.

The Parisian sweetest *chef d'œuvre*  
Of flounces and frills a poetic dream,  
If offered to her as a form-improver  
Would have made the Goddess of Beauty scream.  
Or the perfect pants of a Bond Street tailor,  
However so shapely in front and rear,  
No more than the bags of a blowsy sailor  
Would fit an Apollo Belvedere.

A Hottentot lady or Kaffir beauty  
Might scoff at the dress of a ball room belle,  
And a dusky savage feel it his duty  
To grin at the sight of a howling swell.  
Ah, Goddess of Fashion in all thy guises  
Never so perfect as *now* and here,  
The garb of all others each race despises  
And each thinks another's most mighty queer!

## IN MANY MOODS

### To a Painted Beauty

If Art should ever lowly stoop itself to imitate  
A pictured reproduction of thyself it would create.  
Thy blushing loveliness transferred within a gilded  
frame,  
So true to the original-would still be paint the same.  
In one thing only wanting — 'twould scarce show  
depth enough —  
And laid on, too, with artist's brush instead of  
powder-puff.

## IN MANY MOODS

### On a Glass Eye

Some folks on either side their nose  
Wear two glass windows framed and fitted.  
— There's great utility in those,  
By all who wear them, 'tis admitted.

But here at once in this we find  
— This well-set artificial jewel —  
Both ornament and use combined  
To hide an oversight so cruel.

And yet, admitting all its due —  
'Tis offered here without obtrusion —  
It seems, according to my view,  
A brilliant optical illusion.

Though one-eyed folks may farther see  
Than I who optics two am wearing;  
This much I'll add, it seems to me  
A hollow sham, transparent, glaring.

Yet (let none be induced by this  
To pluck it out, or to eschew it) —  
A piece of rare deception 'tis  
A pity none can quite see through it!

## IN MANY MOODS

### To a Homely Maid

I will not swear that you possess  
Those charms by which all poets vow,  
Yet I shall never love thee less,  
And, anyhow, I must confess  
I e'er shall love thee, Annie Howe.

## IN MANY MOODS

### The Philosopher and the Flea

The philosopher sat in his sanctum snug,  
In the midst of his tomes and volumes rare;  
His slippered feet on a cosy rug,  
While pondering and thinking and dreaming there  
In the cushioned recess of his old armchair.

He argued all over again in his mind  
The questions with which the world is rife,  
The problems great which confound mankind,  
The causes of argument, hate, and strife;  
And he dwelt on the wondrous myst'ry of life.

Life! that problem forever sealed,  
That baffles the search of the wisest man;  
Through rolling ages still unrevealed,  
Discover its essence and cause who can?—  
'Twas thus the philosopher's reveries ran.

Shall science forever fail to bring  
The wonderful searched for truth to light —  
Who shall discover the vital spring?  
— The philosopher here sat bolt upright,  
For something had given an awful bite!

## IN MANY MOODS

He stealthily turned down the hem of his sock,  
To discover whatever the thing could be  
That could dare inflict so rude a shock;  
And then with a wild, triumphant glee  
He captured the nimble offending flea.

One moment more — for revenge is sweet,  
And philosophers are but human still —  
He wreaked a vengeance dire, complete;  
And though he shuddered life's blood to spill,  
'Twas a trifle so paltry a foe to kill.

And all that was left was a shapeless wreck  
Of the bloodthirsty thing that had dared assail,  
Staining with gruesome, redd'ning speck  
The altar of vengeance, his filbert nail;  
'Twas all that was left of the tragic tale.

Then, seized with a whim which upon him grew,  
The philosopher took a pointed pin,  
And tenderly pierced its body through,  
Then peered with his glass at the empty skin,  
As though to seek for its soul within.

He studied it long with a thoughtful gaze,  
This mite which could set him to thus inquire,  
And a train of speculations raise;  
For the tiny thing he could so admire  
Had held a spark of the vital fire.—



## IN MANY MOODS

The structured atom, which just before  
Had held a wondrous mystic Force,  
And within itself a secret bore  
Scarce less than that of the hidden Source  
Whence worlds are rolled on their fiery course!

Then he mused again, with a touch of mirth,  
Though few, as a rule, more grave than he,  
“What curious accident of birth  
The difference made ’twixt you and me —  
A thinking man and a wee, wee flea?

“Yet what are philosophers more than fleas  
In boundless Nature’s eternal plan?  
Is the difference only made to please  
The wise conceit of the puny man,  
Who knows not the WHY he himself began?”

And the more he strove to philosophise,  
The more perplexed and perplexed he grew,  
Then confessed, though accounted profoundly wise —  
Yet desiring still to Truth be true —  
How small was the sum of all he knew;  
How much is beyond our mental reach;  
How little we know or can dare to preach!

## IN MANY MOODS

### Under the Hat

In the ocean's depths and below the ground  
Secrets lie buried the whole globe round,  
But the workaday world is still more rife  
With the silent secrets of everyday life;  
And the world's greatest secrets may hidden lie  
Much nearer the nose than's observed by the eye,  
In each little round knob, now think of that —  
All tucked away cosily under the Hat.

Under the hat, in the brain's recess,  
The secret it covers, ah, who shall guess?  
— All sorts of hopes and the queerest dreams,  
Loves and hates and the wildest schemes;  
Thoughts and fancies take oddest shape,  
While only a few by the mouth escape;  
In the brain's little cupboard, now think of that,  
Crowding like honey bees under the Hat.  
Each carries about, so it might be said,  
A confessional box of his own on his head,  
And whatever he seems or wherever he goes,  
What it covers from view he himself but knows.  
Each one of the thousands of folks we meet,  
In the moving crowds of the throbbing street,  
Have all their own secrets, now think of that,  
Known only to him who walks under his Hat.



## IN MANY MOODS

### On Judging People Hastily

(“Everyone deserves to have been hanged five times over.”)

—MONTAIGNE.

(“Not always actions show the man”)—POPE.

The world oft' hasty judgment passes,  
All at times indulge the fad.  
Each puts each in groups or classes  
Those who are not good or bad;  
Those who are not wise are asses;  
Those but asses voted mad!

One has but to prove well able  
On the wings of fame to soar  
Tho' all virtue like a fable  
He may secretly ignore,  
Soon admirers him will label,  
With qualities ne'er known before!

Let a man by some endeavor  
Make for once a lucky hit,  
Then his failings rarely ever

## IN MANY MOODS

Will his many friends admit.  
*Now* they find they thought him clever  
Long before he showed his wit.

Let a man be philanthropic  
With more wealth than he can hold,  
All his virtues microscopic  
Magnify a thousand-fold,  
And oft' form a public topic,  
While his faults are gilt with gold.

Let a man esteemed for virtue  
Once be caught in wickedness,  
Tho' his vice ne'er wound nor hurt you,  
You for condemnation press.  
"All his life's a lie!" assert you,  
Tho' your own be scarcely less!

When the Law's most melancholy  
Duty 'tis to hire Jack Ketch,  
The culprit's crime reveals him wholly  
As a hardened soulless wretch,  
As if his mother bore him solely  
That the rope his neck might stretch!

Yet he who at the rope's-end dances,  
Thing of pity, scorn and shame,  
Had he had the hero's chances  
Might have gained the hero's fame, —  
Might in other circumstances  
Have carved a handle to his name.

## IN MANY MOODS

Men are oft' like fruit decaying,  
And their core corrupt conceal;  
Bright their surface, ne'er betraying  
That which paring might reveal;  
— Others, blemishes displaying,  
May be sound beneath the peel.

## IN MANY MOODS

### On a Snuff-Box

(Curiously shaped like a Coffin).

Its owner at death's surely scoffin',  
And each friend under whose nose 'tis thrust  
Puts another fresh Nail in his coffin  
Even while it encloses his Dust.

## IN MANY MOODS

### At an Old Bookstall

Fallen leaves, scattered and strayed,  
Fallen leaves tattered and frayed;  
Worm eaten, musty and time decayed.

— Oddments from many a school and college,  
Bundled together in motley sheaves —  
Leaves which the budding author weaves;  
Faded and fallen and crumpled leaves  
From many a Branch of the Tree of Knowledge.

Together like human outcasts pressed,  
Some in the raggedest jackets dressed  
— Here's leather embossed with some gilded crest,  
Now useless for patching a Smithy's bellows.  
Sober sermons and racy fun,  
Sparkling wit 'tween covers of dun —  
Adversity finds for every one  
The strangest of strange bedfellows!

Atop of dear, warm-hearted Burns,  
Lie Blackstone, Cole and Coke in turns,  
While bright Tom Hood with laughter spurns  
“Anatomy of Melancholy.”  
“Lives” of great men all remind  
That worms therein must relish find,  
With “Recollections” here consigned —  
The grave of many an author's folly.

## IN MANY MOODS

A ponderous "History" which but dooms  
Its parent to oblivion's glooms,  
'Neath "Meditations 'Mongst the Tombs,"  
And dog-eared "Æsop's Fables."  
Exploded "Theories" bound in calf,  
Pathetic "Poems" which make one laugh,  
And "Plays" by those who best by half  
Had planned dry "Navigation Tables."

Scribbled with many an owner's name,  
Securing mild posthumous fame —  
In characters all aslant and lame,  
And traced in ink now brown and faded.  
Title pages in tattered state  
Inscribed with many a birthday date,  
"In Good Wishes" to commemorate,  
Tho' bookworms there have since invaded.

Marginal notes from an unknown pen;  
Ah, who was this tome's proud owner then?  
Errors corrected — by whom, and when?  
— Some rival's erudition damning.  
Stains of coffee, a petal dead  
Of summers ago when the rose was red,  
And here 'tween the leaves stale crumbs of bread  
From some poor student doubly "cramming."

Volumes modern and tomes antique;  
Languages long since dead yet speak.  
Translations from Latin and Greek  
— Translators themselves long since Translated.

## IN MANY MOODS

Books once the scholar's and reader's pride  
— Oft' less for their worth than the gilt outside,  
Like coverless Truth, now thrown aside  
— And to this one day may this Book be fated!



## IN MANY MOODS

### A Scrap of Paper

Crumpled and creased into many a fold,  
But a thousand times worth its weight in gold,  
And dearer to most than aught else they hold  
— Its every line I have learnt by rote.  
It comes from her as a message sweet;  
Ah, few love missives are half as neat  
For more such missives I would entreat  
From the famous old Lady of Threadneedle Street.  
— A Bank of England Note!

## IN MANY MOODS

### Diamonds and Coke

(By a Day Dreamer).

I am not versed in lore scientific,  
But it seems an ironical joke  
That nature in wonders prolific,  
Makes diamonds from carbon, like coke!  
Oh, could I this secret discover  
By some simple alchemical stroke:  
Tho' of gems I am not a vain lover  
But I yearn to make diamonds from coke!

'Twould be as the Lamp of Aladdin,  
And as sweet as the boon of good health,  
In this world that so many are sad in,  
To throw away riches by stealth.  
'Twould give me the purest of pleasure  
Some beneficent power to invoke,  
To teach me how, measure for measure,  
Koh-i-noors might be made out of coke!

And the world should be never the wiser  
'Til I gathered in riches untold;  
My secret I'd hold like a miser;  
A spendthrift, I'd lavish my gold.

## IN MANY MOODS

Grim skeleton hunger should never  
Show her bones thro' Adversity's cloak —  
I would stone her to death should I ever  
Make enough precious stones out of coke!

When sorrow and want I had banished,  
And the poorest from hunger were saved,  
And poverty's shadow had vanished,  
Then streets might with jewels be paved.  
For the world, taught that treasure but trash is,  
Its value would rise, but like smoke,  
'Til diamonds were worthless as ashes,  
Koh-i-noors more useless than coke!

## IN MANY MOODS

### Accidents of Birth

Random Musings on Existence.

Our birth seems the outcome of accidents quite,  
Or of many small accidents, rather;  
And possibly you would have ne'er come to light  
Had your Mother ne'er met with your Father.  
Or supposing your Gran'mother never had wed,  
But scorned all your Gran'dad's advances,  
While had he lived a Bachelor, lonely instead  
'Twould somewhat have lessened your chances.

Or supposing, again, that some ages ago  
Some forefather through causes pre-natal  
In his babyhood days had been quietly laid low,  
Or his whooping-cough time had proved fatal!  
Had your Dad by some chance when selecting a wife  
Have found you a different Mother,  
You perhaps might have been all the days of your life  
Half the self that you know, or some other.

To your parents before you the same thing applies,  
Whether ruled by the fates or despite 'em;  
Herein, in a manner, Life's origin lies  
Through the ages, and ad infinitum!

## IN MANY MOODS

So Life may result from a meeting by chance,  
Or a moment'ry passing attraction —  
A blush or a sigh, a word or a glance  
Or some sweet little lover-like action.

---

And if someone had failed to supply but a link  
In the far-reaching chain of ancestry,  
A particular kiss, or it may be, a wink,  
Who then could have written your hist'ry?

## IN MANY MOODS

### On an Old Coin

(“Ambition’s triumphs, shrunk into a Coin.” — POPE.)

Passport of Mammon to Pleasure’s bright portals,  
Worn thin and polished by friction of time;  
Toiled for, and fought for, and schemed for by  
mortals,  
Wages of honesty, guerdon of crime!  
Could thy varied life’s hist’ry but here be recorded,  
Now a bright blessing and then a dark curse,  
Saved for, and starved for, and miserly hoarded,  
Or solitary lying in Penury’s purse!

By blind fickle fortune unevenly scrambled,  
The mite of the rich, or the all of the poor,  
Foolishly squandered or recklessly gambled,  
Dropped into clutches still preying for more.  
Music thy ring, and alluring thy glitter,  
Stirring to envy, inciting to greed,  
Solace to sweeten all life’s gall and bitter,  
Sympathy’s pledge to distress in its need.

Talisman magic, and hope of the grieving,  
The one golden key which hath every lock turned;  
Begged for, and lied for, and filched by the thieving;  
Only by adamant virtue yet spurned.



## IN MANY MOODS

Bait of the tempter, and price of dishonour,  
Seal of dark secrets, and treachery's bribe;  
As virtue's reward conferred ne'er upon her,  
Squeezed for, and grasped by the usurer's tribe.

Dazzling lure in the rough path of duty,  
Decoy of Ambition from honour and fame;  
Bargained for Talent, and bartered for Beauty,  
Buying approval for license and shame  
From hopeless and helpless ones wrung and extorted,  
Sighed for by losers, and welcomed with smiles;  
In many a scene of bright gaiety sported,  
Now the last — or but one in huge glittering piles.

Cringed for and fawned for by sycophants lowly.  
Flattered for, slandered for, given for praise,  
For kindness or love, or for uses unholy,  
By him who befriends or by him who betrays.  
— Toiled for and fought for and schemed for by  
mortals.

Wages of honesty, guerdon of crime,  
Passport of Mammon to pleasures bright portals,  
Thin, worn, and polished by friction of time.



## IN MANY MOODS

### The Poet

I have gathered my handful of pearls of Truth  
From the deeps of the ocean vast;  
They have lightened my days in my prime and youth  
In the years that are o'er and past.  
But those whom I loved have I asked to share  
A glimpse of the light they shed;  
For I knew that my gems were none so rare  
As are still in the ocean's bed.  
Yet a sweet reward is earned in them,  
And my days they have well adorned;  
I have proudly cherished each simple gem,  
Tho' fame hath my offering scorned;  
And if the world still to their worth be blind,  
Oh, then let them be returned  
To the depths where only a poet may find,  
Rather than scatter them but to be spurned —  
These few poor thoughts that I leave behind,  
These thoughts from a brain that hath throbbed  
and burned!

## IN MANY MOODS

### To a Dutch Doll

Rough-hewn little wooden idol,  
    Decked with beads and ribbons gay,  
Dressed as for a fairy bridal,  
    Here forgotten, laid away,  
Midst a heap of childhood's treasures,  
    Patchwork, scraps and bits of toys,  
Relics these of former pleasures  
    Ere some other crowned her joys.

Senseless cause of many a scrimmage  
    'Twixt thy rival devotees,  
Crudely graven wooden image  
    From the land of Dolls and Cheese.  
Worshipped, scolded, coaxed and petted  
    By a savage small and fair,  
And by constant kisses wetted,  
    Lost is all your painted hair.

One blue blotted eye remaining,  
    'T'other kissed right clean away,  
While a reddened streak is staining  
    Where the mouth was yesterday.  
Arms askew and dislocated;  
    One leg missing, one leg short,  
At the knee joint amputated,  
    Just in wanton childish sport.

## IN MANY MOODS

Ah, that laughing sweet young savage,  
Yet may hold, in years to come,  
When her smiles frail hearts shall ravage,  
Men, like dolls, beneath her thumb.  
When her coquettes' love and kisses  
Shall on human hearts be tried  
Will each victim be like this is —  
A broken puppet thrown aside?

## IN MANY MOODS

### On Superstitions

In an age when we hurry and scurry along,  
Past traditions and all ancient follies  
And olden beliefs are proved to be wrong,  
The fact most uncommonly droll is  
That there should be any dull people still left,  
Their minds in such fossil condition,  
And seeming of sound common sense so bereft  
As to cling to absurd superstition.

So deep in the mud of antiquity stuck,  
Though the times are more smart than religious,  
In the powers esoteric of good and bad luck  
They have faith that is simply prodigious;  
For even such folks who contentedly think  
That their nerves are as taut as a cable,  
Yet into themselves will instinctively shrink  
At upsetting the salt while at table.

As the thirteenth to sit down to table to dine,  
No action in life could be madder;  
They'd as lief make their bed on a dynamite mine  
— Or as soon venture under a ladder,  
And as for one smashing a mirror, ah, well,  
Then prepare for unlucky years seven,  
And be not surprised if this life prove a hell,  
Unless you should meanwhile reach Heaven.

## IN MANY MOODS

Ah, ah, such simplicity raises a smile  
In we wise ones who think we know better;  
So I sneer and I smile in true wiseacre style,  
And cynic am quite to the letter.  
With such notions I cannot help feeling annoyed;  
I in luck don't believe for a minute —  
Yet all things deemed unlucky I try to avoid  
In case there be anything in it!

## IN MANY MOODS

### A Broken Monkey-On-a-Stick

(A morsel of Moral Philosophy).

As of this Toy, oft' true of man,  
And of life's many ups and downs,  
And true alike since things began  
— We're all built on one common plan —  
Of both philosophers and clowns!

Man's ever striving, over wise  
To mount the topmost tree of life,  
To reach beyond him to the skies,  
'Til one day, to his great surprise,  
He drops a wreckage in the strife.

For man is seldom quite content  
To be himself and nothing more;  
To merely follow out his bent  
And play the part for which he's sent  
Would chafe his pride 'til somewhat sore.

He must be mounting higher still,  
And often climbs he in the dark;  
He tugs and strains at prudence 'til  
The bonds they snap, then there's a spill —  
He's just a bit o'er-reached his mark.

## IN MANY MOODS

### On a Man Who Lived By Borrowing

A failure in life, yet, to give him his due,  
His success as a Sponger was equalled by few;  
Much credit he gained 'ere he passed in his prime,  
Though it grieved him when failing to borrow from  
Time.  
He found living was cheap with his creditor's aid;  
And the last debt of all was the only one paid.



## IN MANY MOODS

### To a Marble Bust

O marble bust, O marble bust,  
Fresh disinterred from classic dust,  
    From home of Homer and of Plato!  
Methinks that if you had the mind,  
And weren't stone deaf nor yet stone blind,  
You'd rather there be left behind,  
    Than dug up like some huge potato!

And there you gaze with stony eyes,  
As though in petrified surprise,  
    As shown by every facial wrinkle.  
Mayhap you'd deem our ways as rude  
As is our dress, so queer and crude,  
That you should thus be interviewed  
    Like fossilised old Rip Van Winkle.

Yet doubtless, as we moderns say,  
You "cut a figure" in your day;  
    So they carved yours for all beholders.  
You thought yourself so wondrous wise,  
You scarce expected such a rise,  
Reduced to less than half your size,  
    To tower above us head and shoulders!

## IN MANY MOODS

This to your face I tell you, but  
I somehow don't approve your cut;  
    You look a callous hardened creature.  
'Tis wrong to speak ill of the dead;  
And yet, it seems, Art took instead  
Your flinty heart to carve your head;  
    So cold and hard is every feature.

## IN MANY MOODS

### A Short Apology for Little People

The world looks down on little people,  
Most particularly those  
Who seem to think they dwarf the steeple  
By standing on their toes.

But true it is, if in each stocking  
One can measure quite six feet,  
You may do, without folks shocking,  
What in short ones seems conceit.

If all by custom were directed  
To speak according to their size,  
All six-foot folks might be expected  
To prove themselves profoundly wise!

'Tis not all dwarfs who honour climb to;  
Though "brevity's the soul of wit,"  
And little great men, given time to,  
Often claim a largish bit.

And then it must be recollected  
Precious goods are wrapped up small,  
While bigger bundles when dissected  
Oft' hold no good goods at all!

## IN MANY MOODS

E'en little folks with smallest trying,  
As deeply fall in love or debt;  
While some in hearts are occupying  
Much more space than big ones get.

The biggest ones owe to the smallest  
Obligations very large;  
For 'tween the short ones and the tallest  
Tailors equalize their charge.

And think what consequences weighty  
To the world would soon ensue  
If every dwarf, from pigmy state, he  
Grew, ye giants, big like you!

All would then receive half rations,  
Or some scheme they might adopt  
To curtail surplus populations,  
And growing evils thus be stopped.

So all tip-toes, my little brothers;  
Ye long ones, stoop, and let's shake hands;  
For each one's interest is the other's  
— That's simply how the matter stands.

## IN MANY MOODS

### One of the Bravest Things in Life

The world accords unstinted praise  
To the doers of doughty and daring deeds;  
We feel 'tis a duty to plaudits raise  
To the lucky hero whose pluck succeeds.  
We are mightily proud that we belong  
To the honored race from which doth spring,  
Heroes of hist'ry and tale and song;  
Nor have we forgotten their deeds to sing.  
But one of the bravest things in life,  
Which itself can make a hero true  
And help to lessen the struggle and strife,  
If thoughtless men but only knew —  
Yes, one of the bravest, and nothing less,  
Of all the things which can heroes make,  
Is to have the courage to dare confess  
Whenever you've made a great mistake!  
\* \* \* Be brave in adopting this simple plan;  
'Twill arm the weakest and make them strong;  
Just learn to say — that's if you can —  
“My friend, you're right, and I am wrong!”

## IN MANY MOODS

### Oh, Say not My Loved One Is Sleeping!

Oh, say not my loved one is sleeping  
And taking her dreamless rest,  
While Spring's sweet flowers are creeping  
The turf that covers her breast!  
For I know that her eyes are beaming  
From the violets that deck the mound,  
Setting my memory dreaming  
As I tread the hallowed ground.

Her maiden form still lingers  
In the trysting place of old,  
Where I held her milk-white fingers,  
And kissed her locks of gold.  
And I hear her love's soft whisper  
In the hedgerow's sweet retreat,  
In the breath of the sighing vesper,  
A message soft and sweet.

Listen! her voice is singing,  
Music from silvern streams,  
Echoes of rapture bringing,  
Echoes of love's young dreams.  
It seems that her smile is waving  
From the emerald grass and fern,  
Setting my bosom craving  
For each Spring morn's return.



## IN MANY MOODS

Her breath with fragrance flowing  
    'Midst mountain flowers I seek,  
In the winds thro' blossoms blowing,  
    In the zephyrs that kiss my cheek.  
Her velvet cheeks' sweet posies  
    — The lily and rose twin-born —  
The pink of the wild briar roses  
    And the flush of Aurora-morn!



## IN MANY MOODS

### The Pharisee's Prayer

There's a spot which holds in keeping  
Gems how costly, who shall say?—  
Purest gems of hallowed weeping,  
Dropped o'er forms of lifeless clay.  
Tears of mourners have bedewed it;  
Diamonds glistening on the grass;  
Flowers of tenderest love have strewn it,  
And with saintliness endued it  
Where the feet of idlers pass.

And one night, while stars were beaming  
Through the dark eternal space,  
I, while lonely, idly dreaming,  
Halted near the weird old place  
Wrapt in solemn silent musing;  
On each mossy stone and mound  
Quaint old epitaphs perusing,  
With the ghostly moon suffusing  
All the mystic scene around.

Through the ruined latticed paling  
Which enclosed the place of rest  
Came the wind's low plaintive wailing  
Like the voice of souls distress.

## IN MANY MOODS

And a strange, wild fancy stealing  
O'er my mind, I knew not why,  
Soft I breathed a prayer appealing,  
Full of pleading, soulful feeling,  
To the awful God on high.

For the fancy that stole o'er me,  
And my mind did thus engage,  
Made those lichen'd rails before me  
Seem like some great prison cage.  
Like the bars of cage stupendous  
Wherein earth-bound souls are cast,  
Doomed to feel a grief tremendous —  
Grief from which great God defend us! —  
They could ne'er redeem the past.

And I shuddered in my anguish  
At the contrast — them and me! —  
They eternally to languish,  
While my soul should soar so free.  
I should taste of bliss supernal  
I could pray for their release,  
Try persuade the God eternal  
Yet to ease their grief infernal,  
Give them everlasting peace!

But the prayer had scarce been given  
Ere my listening conscience heard  
Something like a voice from Heaven;  
Soft, so softly fell each word

## IN MANY MOODS

That the moonlit air around me  
Ne'er so much as lightly stirred;  
Yet the message trance-like bound me;  
Naught but this could so astound me;  
Reeled my senses, stunned and blurred!

And the words to which I hearkened  
Drove away all thoughts of bliss,  
And my soul with shadows darkened;  
Yet the voice said simply this:  
"Know thy prayer hath been heeded,  
For those earth-bound souls of sin;  
But thy pity is not needed;  
For thyself thou shouldst have pleaded;  
Crave thine own release, begin!"

"Far art thou from Heaven's portal,  
Victim to thy flesh-blind pride;  
Know, thou poor imprisoned mortal,  
Thou hast viewed from self's own side —  
Viewed thy prison bars confining,  
And thyself hath captive kept.  
Those ye pitied with repining  
Hover o'er thee, radiant, shining."  
— Then I turned aside and wept!

## IN MANY MOODS

### Trifles—Smiles and Tears

Moments of pleasure bring years of pain,  
When a soul finds loss in some fleeting gain.

Ah, there's many bright hour darkens many a year,  
And many a smile means the birth of a tear.

There is many a tear that disguises a smile —  
And the tear and the smile oft' the mask of guile.

There is many a bloom that with rapture fills,  
Tho' its nectar but poison it e'er distils.

But there's many a weed of the fallow field  
May the purest honey and perfume yield.

## IN MANY MOODS

### An Unknown Portrait

(On seeing it in an old Curiosity shop).

Old portrait, relic of some bygone time,  
Age-discoloured, covered o'er with grime,  
Cracked and scratched, by quite two centuries worn,  
The paint chipped off thy nose, the canvas torn —  
Whose face art thou? and whose that living smile  
From warm red lips that seem to speak the while?  
Just as you smiled that day the artist's skill  
Transferred you there, you smile there still.  
Your eye still sparkles as in life aglow  
With light which shone two hundred years ago!

And what were you, good sir, in your own day?  
You surely must have moved in circles gay;  
Or why so carefully and sprucely drest  
In flowing wig and flowered silken vest?  
Ah, little guessed you in that hour of pride,  
When to excel your finest airs you tried,  
While some rich gallant or some lordly fop,  
That you would come to *this* — a broker's shop!  
To mix with lumber for thy nearest friends,  
One of a crowd of curious odds and ends;  
Around you frowsy vestments, musty books,  
And bought-up perquisites of greasy cooks!

## IN MANY MOODS

How came you thus, my lord, to lowly fall  
Form your accustomed gay ancestral hall,  
A poor, lost, nameless waif, 'midst rubbish thrown?—  
Ah, there's a story, could it but be known.

And yet, maybe, you serve a nobler end  
Than in your day you well could comprehend;  
Teaching the moral, in your tattered state,  
Of humbled pride, the fickleness of fate.

\* \* \* But pity pleads, and if my slender store  
Allows, I'll buy you up; I can't do more.  
“How much for this old thing?” 'tis handed down — .  
My lord is valued at but half-a-crown!



## IN MANY MOODS

### A Last Tribute

I fain would choose some lighter vein,  
And e'en provoke a smile  
From him we ne'er may meet again,  
Whom death hath claimed the while.  
This friendship's offering rendered void  
By Fate's ironic jest,  
Yet proves the privilege enjoyed  
By those who knew him best.

This better speaks his manhood's worth  
Than monuments of pride;  
A good man's memory here on earth  
Death shall not brush aside.  
And yet perchance 'tis not too late —  
This message from below:  
Who kens but just beyond the Gate  
His conscious soul may know?

Who knows but there, 'midst light and leal,  
As tho' in presence nigh,  
His fine responsive soul may feel  
The tribute of a sigh!  
And there, enriched with heaven's reward,  
Where purest joys uplift,  
One thought for earth may he afford,  
And still approve our gift.



## IN MANY MOODS

### Life's Three Stages

(A Cynic's View).

#### BIRTH

Why we were never born 'til now,  
Many a searching mind's been racked o'er;  
Whence we came, and why, and how,  
Are questions subtle brains have cracked o'er.  
Yet dolts and children who believe  
That they were fished from out the ocean,  
May just as much the truth conceive  
As learned pundits with a notion.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some almost feel themselves aggrieved  
When failure but from birth resulted,  
And think themselves by fate deceived  
That they when born were not consulted!

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#### MARRIAGE

Though Marriage, as we know, is such  
A gamble with the greatest number,  
Few by the lesson profit much;  
They wed, and thus their lives encumber.

## IN MANY MOODS

Each prides himself who is no fool,  
When married he'll perform great wonders,  
And prove exception to the rule  
By steering clear of other's blunders.

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While the last stage by some oft' a blessing is  
reckoned  
To cure all the ills of the first and second.

## IN MANY MOODS

### The Attic Philosopher

Tho' I hate to be thought autocratic,  
Yet I live in a world of my own,  
My Kingdom a mean little attic,  
A crazy old armchair, my throne.

My Subjects are Books, torn and tattered,  
Each one a retainer well tried;  
But oft' when my thoughts are all scattered  
Each one is my Counsel and guide.

And I feel, gazing down on the City,  
Like a god in my home in the clouds —  
— With deliciously cynical pity  
I study the unthinking crowds.

Though I fear I but apprehend dimly  
Man cannot by bread live alone,  
My philosophy proves but too grimly  
A barren philosopher's stone!

Though "high up in the world," as they term it,  
I but seldom dine at my Club;  
And I envy sometimes that old hermit  
Who lived, lodging's free, in a Tub.

## IN MANY MOODS

High thinking becomes second nature  
To tenants of Castles in Air,  
Though 'twould best suit my high mental stature  
If the roof were kept under repair.

I would leave to the world a rich treasure  
If allowed but to follow my bent;  
But philosophy's robbed of its pleasure  
When high thinking will not raise the rent!

## IN MANY MOODS

### Thoughts on a House Fly

Winged Argus, with thy hundred eyes  
Which look at once in all directions,  
Thy tiny brain of pin's-point size  
Must crowded be with bright reflections.  
The world, by thee viewed in this wise  
Must seem one round of sweet confections!

On wings as light as fancy bright  
You round my dome of thought come soaring;  
Excursioning in zigzag flight  
'Twixt wall and ceiling, wall and flooring,  
Then swooping down from dizzy height  
To this, my luncheon, come exploring.

Thou busy little frisky fly,  
Audacious guest, thyself inviting,  
With business curiosity  
On everything in turns alighting,  
Please don't be so familiar by  
My unoffending cheek a-biting!

Through chinks and cracks your entry's free;  
While key-holes lead to secret places,  
A tell-tale witness might you be;

## IN MANY MOODS

For, though are shown no outward traces,  
Yet what you sometimes hear and see  
Might bring the blush to many faces!

While human folks may delve and roam  
To find life's provender unable,  
Where e'er you choose you make your home,  
In palace, cot, or savoury stable,  
With permit free to go and come,  
And gather sweets from every table.

Ah, little fly, thy life must seem  
One honied feast intoxicating;  
A sort of gastronomic dream,  
Where dinner time has no abating,  
'Til, lo! you suicide in cream,  
Or serve for soup-adulterating!

Like those who live their lives so fast  
Amid delights that fade like vapour,  
You heed not snares around you cast  
While you indulge your lifelong caper  
— Then find, my foolish fly, at last,  
Your fatal fixed abode — fly-paper!

## IN MANY MOODS

### Love's Enchanted Sea

Whoe'er embarks on Love's Enchanted Sea, beware!  
Beware lest sudden storms assail!  
Of lurking rocks awaiting thee, beware!  
Nor heedless trust thy bark so frail.  
Its pearly depths strewn wrecks may hide, beware!  
Its hidden secrets none may tell;  
When lured upon its tempting tide — beware!  
Beware its placid calm and mystic spell!

Whoe'er embarks on Love's Enchanted Sea,  
Tho' cloudless yet the skies — beware!  
Ye seek to find what may not — may not be,  
Those Isles of Bliss, but, ah, take care.  
A rainbow happiness eluding Thee!  
A fairy glamour but a mirage there —  
Of Love's Enchanted Sea, beware!



## IN MANY MOODS

### In Praise of Fools

“If others had not been fools we should have been so.”

WILLIAM BLAKE

“Fools rush into my head, and so I write.”—POPE.

I once most foolishly believed  
That every single fool made many:  
But easy 'tis to be deceived,  
For men of sense might feel aggrieved  
If Fools there weren't any.

Content to plod in paths well-grooved  
— Despite their foolish wise detractors —  
Thus all the race of Fools have proved  
By contrast, in the spheres they moved,  
Philosophy's best benefactors!

Now, had each Fool proved half as wise  
As wise ones in their estimation,  
E'en those whose brilliancies surprise,  
Our leading lights, would shrink in size,  
'Til lost in the illumination.

Fools in a manner point the way  
To wisdom, though they ne'er professed it;

## IN MANY MOODS

True martyrs of experience they,  
For did they soundest sense display  
Perchance ourselves had ne'er possessed it.

We load with praise from head to toe  
The poet, artist, sage or hero,  
And yet on Fools, whom thus we owe  
A life-long debt, we sneers bestow  
— At least, our gratitude's at zero.

And so, some day 'tis my intent  
To ask subscriptions of Society,  
To raise a noble monument  
To martyred Fools to Bedlam sent,  
And fools of each variety.

If set a-foot in Wisdom's name,  
To show her thankful obligation,  
Methinks the wise for very shame  
Would raise one worthy of their fame,  
And worthy of the nation.

Then everyone will haste to show  
Their wisdom by their mite subscribing,  
And thus the world be made to know  
That fools are scarce and scarcer grow  
Through sense from other fools imbibing.

## IN MANY MOODS

### Fortune-Telling by Teacup

(For Ladies Only).

Truth sometimes walks out in disguises most queer  
And in places most out-of-the-way will appear,  
In things the least likely she oft' leaves a sign;  
There's an adage which says there is Truth in good  
wine.

While Truth is by others thought only to dwell  
At the nethermost depths of a clear crystal well.  
But 'tis left for the far-seeing feminine eye  
To find Truth in a Teacup drained empty and dry.  
Yet, ladies, and this is the truth to a T.—  
'Tis your own sweet reflections therein that you see!

## IN MANY MOODS

### The Maid and the Apple

From its cradling bud came a blossom so fair  
To waft its sweet scent on the ambient air;  
It drank of the fresh'ning shower and the dew,  
And life from the breath of the Summer it drew  
'Til the breezes in sport, and the zephyrs in play  
Plucked each of its pink wreathing petals away,  
Thus baring its glossy and bald little crown  
To the ripening kiss of the sun smiling down.

And the green little berry, so sour with its loss,  
On its leafy-clad bough left to restlessly toss,  
Grew sweeter and sweeter as Summer stole by,  
And mellow and juicy in burning July,  
'Til plump were its cheeks and all blushing with red,  
And burnished with gold which the Autumn had shed.  
Now fairer than all its sweet brothers around,  
— When the wind softly shook, and it fell to the  
ground.

On earth's turfy tablecloth daintly laid,  
It tempted the lips of a wayfaring maid;  
And seldom was ever a union so sweet,  
And rarely such ripeness so fitted to meet.  
To her soft eager lips she the luscious fruit bore,

## IN MANY MOODS

And her pearly teeth met in its innermost core  
— But, alas for the fruit with its smooth rosy skin,  
'Twas the Home, sweet home, of a maggot within!

\* \* \* \* \*

### L'ENVOI.

Ah, oft' such are things all so rosy outside,  
Which blush for the hollow deceits that they hide!

## IN MANY MOODS

### Two Birds of a Feather

The woman ne'er yet had been born  
With him quite fitted to be mated;  
The softer sex he'd long forsworn,  
And them, as woman-hater, hated.

She long had thought the very same,  
And looked on Men as over-rated  
— Thought marriage was a thing too tame  
And altogether antiquated.

And so these two, they met one day,  
Discussed, and chatted, and debated;  
And found so very much to say  
When views in confidence they stated.

At last their sympathy of thought  
A sweet affinity created —  
A little golden ring was bought,  
And nuptial vows were celebrated.

## IN MANY MOODS

### A Love Token

Oh, could earth's richest mines of gold,  
Or caverns of the deep blue sea  
Pour forth their treasure thousand-fold,  
All these, and more, should be for thee!  
— Yet nay, there's naught in seas below,  
In valleys deep, or hills above,  
That I on thee could e'er bestow  
To justly measure with my love!

“To long to wait, too long indeed,  
While you would prove your love,” said she;  
“One little ring is all I need,  
And you may keep the rest — for me!”



## IN MANY MOODS

### Farewell To An Old Pair of Shoes

Ah, no, I cast thee off not lightly,  
Well-worn, tried and trusty friends;  
You've clung to me both closely, tightly;  
Faithfully you've served my ends.

Side by side in every weather,  
Staunch supporters have you been,  
Travelling life's rough road together,  
You each side, and I between.

Failed in your attachments never;  
Each stood by through thick and thin  
— Now these ties I needs must sever  
Tho' we've grown so near akin.

None so free or easy-going —  
Ye ne'er chid my wayward feet;  
Pliant to direction, showing  
No desire to beat retreat.

Well you bore my ways o'erbearing,  
With understandings large and wide,  
While broadened, too, by life's rough wearing  
Thin you grew, tho' full inside.

## IN MANY MOODS

But, could your close-tied tongue be shaken,  
What a tale you might unfold  
Of false and foolish steps oft' taken  
And crooked paths untold!

And when from Duty's path I shuffled,  
Or sought to kick against the pricks,  
You ne'er betrayed; your tongues were muffled  
When led a Dance by Cupid's tricks.

Yet tho' I've oft' kicked o'er the traces,  
And shown backslidings not a few,  
We've wandered, too, in primrose places  
— Trod ground more sacred than I knew!

But friends must part, aye, e'en the nearest;  
And though old friends remain the best,  
To fill your place new ones are dearest.  
— Farewell! and take your well-earned rest!

## IN MANY MOODS

### The Pen!

("is mightier than the Sword")

As the butterfly's wing or the wind as light,  
Emblem of mind, and the lance of Right,  
Setting aside the sword of Might,  
The Pen! the Pen!

Than all the battles by armies fought,  
And all the victories by blood e'er bought,  
More conquests gained in the world of Thought,  
The Pen, the Pen!

And more in this strain I fain could sing,  
But alas, mine is plucked from a goose's wing;  
I with it indite mine odes to Spring,  
The Pen, the Pen!

I with it my facts and my rhymes distort  
To a living gain of a meagre sort:  
Tho' light as a feather, my sole support,  
The Pen, the Pen!

It stitches the raiment about my back,  
But levers my thoughts till my brains they crack  
— For mine is the pen of the lit'rary hack!  
Oh, the Pen, the Pen!

## IN MANY MOODS

### The Song of Labour

Oh, ye of the toiling millions,  
And ye of the gold-bought right,  
Join ye in praise and plaudits raise  
To Labour, the Monarch of Might!  
For the roar of his fires ne'er slumbers;  
Ne'er still is his anvil's clang;  
His arm ne'er tires, and our ancient sires  
To the sway of his sceptre sang.

His Song is the March of Progress  
To which the world moves on;  
Its rhythm has flowed along every road  
Where Liberty's light yet shone.  
It has quickened the centuries pulse-beats  
E'er since mankind had birth,  
And surging along, his tumultous song  
Has awakened the slumbering Earth.

'Til the Earth, like a wife from her dreaming  
Aroused by the voice of her Lord,  
Hath put on her best, and adorned her breast  
With the cloak of the emerald sward,  
And circled her waist with a girdle  
Of jewels so rich and rare;  
And the City and Town set to flash in her crown  
That her Lord might deem her fair!

## IN MANY MOODS

But alas! to some this music  
Is naught but a deathsome dirge,  
And the ceaseless din of the toil and sin  
Which all their joys submerge;  
Its note but the dismal clanking  
Of the slavery's chains of steel;  
An anthem of pain to each worn-out brain,  
As at Mammon's feet they reel!

Yet surely the Day is dawning,  
When Labour's song shall be  
A rallying call, reminding all  
That the Truth must make men free!  
And as jarring strains discordant  
Die away in that Coming Day,  
A new-born Race shall take our place,  
And their work be accounted play!

It shall sing of the golden harvest  
Each day of that Golden Age,  
And the poet's dream but a truth shall seem  
As promised by seer and sage.  
Its rhythm shall ring through the Future  
To mark the advance of Man  
'Til the Goal be gained, and the end attained  
In Life's perfected Plan.

There shall run through the Song of Labour  
Humanity's sweet command  
That the sons of men, shall be brothers then,  
One people in every land;

## IN MANY MOODS

And that swords be turned to ploughshares,  
That Nations lay down their arms;  
That War shall cease, and the World at peace  
Be crowded with fruitful farms!

And this, by the millions chorused  
When Right shall displace the Wrong,  
In every clime, and throughout all Time  
Shall prove a triumphant Song!  
It shall serve as a gospel message  
And help dry Suffering's tears —  
Oh, that day God send, when its notes may blend  
With the Music of the spheres!



## IN MANY MOODS

### An Infant Awakening With Smiles

Gently uncurtained from golden-hued slumber,  
Wide opened the eyes of a pure infant child;  
Clear from Earth-shadows which vision encumber,  
Crystalline wells of sweet truth undefiled,  
And bright as the light of the stars without number—  
It awoke in its cradle and joyously smiled.

Innocent all of the turmoil around it,  
Nor heard it the roar of Life's ocean so wide;  
Blank to the ties which to Earth's bosom bound it,  
Blank to the great throbbing world outside;  
Nor feeling the web of affections which wound it;  
Nor knowing its drifting on Time's mystic tide.

And the infant awoke like a pilgrim returning  
From wand'rings in beauteous realms far away,  
The light in its eyes of a spirit discerning  
The home it had left where always 'twas day.  
And it smiled as tho' with rapturous yearning  
To again join its cherubim brothers at play.

The babe it awoke to its cradle surrounding  
Its own little world in its measures so small;



## IN MANY MOODS

Yet there may in its range have been myst'ries  
    abounding,  
    Could eyes only see through our world's prison  
    wall,  
And truths to our wisdom for ever confounding —  
    Yet a babe in its slumber may understand all! —  
    And in dreams hear the Angels caressingly call.

## IN MANY MOODS

### Workgirls

Daughters of toil, and the slaves of the morning;  
Womanhood workworn, and maidenhood sweet;  
Womanhood fading, and womanhood dawning,  
Streaming like flowers through the muddy stained  
street.

The dirt-crustèd flags are alive and a-quiver,  
As the highways they thread thro' the East to the  
West,  
And crowd o'er the bridges that span the grey river,  
— Amazon conscripts in labour's ranks prest.

Citywards! 'neath where St. Pauls, brooding grimly,  
A sentinel time-keeper, frowns through the gloom,  
Hope but, for them, glowing distant and dimly;  
— Butterflies caught up in Life's busy loom.

Yet faces and forms proud ladies might sigh for,  
And beauty to gladden a Potentate's eyes —  
Beauty that knights of the Romance might die for,  
Oft' peeps through poverty's thin disguise.

Citywards! past where Trade's treasures lie hoarded,  
In their morning flight to their dreary hives;  
In finery cheap, through so ill-afforded  
And bought with the days of their stinted lives.

## IN MANY MOODS

Womanish girls — may-be matrons and mothers,  
And maidens, but children torn captive from play,  
Keeping quick step with their sturdier brothers,  
To the Moloch of Work their tribute to pay.

## IN MANY MOODS

### Silken Stockings

A wet, muddy day in a City street  
— A day scarcely fit for poetising —  
There tripped o'er the puddles a vision sweet  
With a fairy-like grace that seemed surprising.  
So gaily along o'er the curb skipped she  
'Neath the dainty umbrella she deftly carried;  
And her face was a picture fair to see  
As she now at a milliner's Shopfront tarried.

She lightly held up her stylish skirt,  
With all a dainty duchess's graces,  
And lifted it clear of the liquid dirt,  
But showed just a glimpse of her snowy laces.  
And high o'er the smallest feet they swayed,  
For the mud of the pavement was simply shocking,  
And the neatest bit of her ankle displayed  
Encased in the shapeliest silken stocking.

Then on she hastened from shop to shop,  
Her lace-edged petticoat gently raising;  
Hurrying business men turned to stop,  
In one direction intently gazing.  
And some crossed over the roadway's slush  
To see what it was that set men staring;  
And the high-raised skirt provoked a blush  
In prudes who their skirts to their toes were  
wearing.

## IN MANY MOODS

A score of heads on a passing 'bus  
Were completely turned by the sight presented;  
Two hot politicians forgot to discuss,  
And to take the same view they for once consented.  
A meek-eyed curate, a moral guide,  
Who was wont to carry his head so highly,  
Felt his face a-flush, and he softly sighed  
As he followed her form with his gaze so shyly.

A Pharisee pitying virtue frail,  
All human shams in his own mind spurning,  
At a sudden paused at the lady's tail,  
Then found that he, too, could take her turning.  
And a kilted soldier, a bonnie Scot,  
Of his own leg-coverings half denuded,  
Admiring stood, as if glued to the spot,  
Forgetting to wonder if he intruded.

And little she dreamed, this maiden sweet,  
Of the Peeping Toms behind her flocking,  
And the many admirers about her feet  
Who saw so much in the hole in her stocking.  
\* \* \* Then a beggar-woman the same road took,  
But with smaller attempt at her hose concealing;  
Yet nobody even bestowed a look,  
Though the holes in her rags were her limbs  
revealing.

## IN MANY MOODS

### On a Hypocrite

He played so well his many parts,  
So practised in deceit's fine arts,  
His life had been but acting merely.  
But now he's underneath this stone,  
No better proof could he have shown  
That he for once could act sincerely.

## IN MANY MOODS

### Idle Musings On a Savage Idol

We smile a most superior smile  
At Blacks who worship wood and stone,  
And those, so clumsy in their style,  
Quite cause us to forget the while  
That we have idols of our own!

The things we worship out of Church  
Require no bell's reminding peals:  
We stick a something on a perch,  
And fume at those who it besmirch,  
And call our Idols grand Ideals!

The swain who, struck by passion's dart,  
Falls worshipping at Cupid's shrine  
Finds there the Idol of his heart,  
And of his life and soul a part  
— For she, his angel, is divine!

Some idolize the Goddess Fame,  
And in imagination wreath  
The statues which shall bear their name,  
And hear the multitude's acclaim  
From those not yet begun to breathe!



## IN MANY MOODS

Some bow to Fashion, and obey  
As blind as superstition's slaves;  
While donning all her trappings gay  
They mock at those of yesterday,  
Tho' never wrongly she behaves.

And all to one great Idol bow,  
The million-tongued, the million-eyed,  
Whose rule was ne'er more strict than now,  
And all by great Opinion vow,  
With Grundy oft' identified.

Some worship, too, more precious still,  
Bright graven images of gold,  
Kept there enshrined in Safe or Till  
— 'Til death's nudge causes them to spill  
Their Idols from their preyful hold.

But there is one which towers beside  
The giant Idols, Fame and Pelf;  
Its praise is wafted far and wide,  
And incense offered with all pride  
By small idolators of self!

## IN MANY MOODS

### Fame

'Tis comforting in one respect  
To famous be, and know  
While you the tide of times direct,  
That Fame will still your name protect  
When you are laid below —

To know that eulogists shall praise,  
That crowds shall emulate,  
And to your memory statues raise,  
While minor poets doff their bays,  
And mobs pronounce you great.

It must be nice, indeed it must,  
To think that when you go,  
Posterity shall wreath your bust,  
And chalk above your bit of dust,  
— “Immortal So-and-So.”

Yet some who plod their worldly way,  
Not born to lustre shed,  
Than be some famous lump of clay,  
Would rather live their lives to-day,  
— Than be Great Cæsar, dead!

## IN MANY MOODS

### Meditation On a Left-Off Skull

Within the hollow of this structured dome,  
Now stained with age, and with the earth em-  
browned,  
Some thinking, living Brain once had its home,  
The World encompassed in its narrow bound.  
Within this edifice of crumbling bone  
Once glowed and burned the mystic vital fire;  
Here guiding Reason occupied its throne,  
And here dwelt human passion and desire!

What playful fancies, and what golden dreams  
Have flitted in and out this chambered space;  
What hopes illumined with their sunlit gleams,  
— Yet left hereon no mark or lingering trace!  
What fond ambitions once were cradled here;  
What busy schemes had here their secret birth;  
How vast the hist'ry of this one small sphere,  
— Yet all effaced and lost midst mouldering earth.

What tenant for his natural lease of life  
This one small upper chamber occupied,  
And thro' these windows watched the world's mad  
strife,  
Or 'neath this roof the storms of life defied?

## IN MANY MOODS

Was he some savant, rich in wisdom's store,  
Some patriarch, some scholar, or some wit?  
— Or was he nothing but some prosy bore,  
Or fop who lived but that his clothes might fit?

Perchance some coxcomb, or some dainty beau,  
Who through his single eyeglass viewed the world,  
Whose constant smile was but his teeth to show,  
Who o'er this forehead wore his hair well-curled!  
What tho' 'twere bowed with weight of years or  
thought,  
Or held aloft with conscious self-esteem,  
Or high to soar above the crowd it sought,  
Or giddy as it whirled down pleasure's stream?

Tho' just a head, a head, and nothing more,  
The seat of aches and worldly cares and pains,  
And tho' on self or things it puzzled o'er,  
A locked-up mystery 'twas, and still remains!

## IN MANY MOODS

### Poetry and Pudding

By an Epicure.

I have relished in more than full measure  
Sweet Life, and have tasted of Joy;  
But I've ne'er felt the same wholesome pleasure  
In things that I did when a boy.  
I have fared in quite epicure fashion  
On dainties recherché enough;  
But, oh, for the pure boyish passion  
For platefuls of Mother's plum-duff!

You may talk as you will of things festive,  
And morsels good livers love best,  
But none are so sweetly digestive,  
Nor relished with half the same zest.  
Ah, yes, there's a flavor that lingers  
— Not found in your Frenchified stuff —  
In pasties from dear loving fingers;  
And the sweetest was Mother's plum-duff!

## IN MANY MOODS

### Address to a Microbe

“Insect that no eye can see, no glass can reach.”

ESSAY ON MAN.

Ubiquitous Invisible,  
So infinitely small,  
Had you emotions risible  
How you might smile at all  
The queer and pompous sounding  
Names and terms to you affixed  
— 'Tis really most astounding  
You don't hopelessly get mixed!  
Bacteria and Bacilli,  
And your cousin-german germs,  
Should think man must be silly  
To describe you in such terms.  
Yet though 'tis scientific,  
It scarcely seems humane  
To bestow such names terrific  
When they're taken oft' in vain.  
'Tis cruelty to an animal  
That you're so scandalised;  
Your character so many maul,  
As you're so undersized.  
For those scientific big guns  
Take advantage of your size,



## IN MANY MOODS

And think you're sent an instrument  
To prove themselves are wise.  
Yet e'en Bacteriologists  
May sometimes disagree,  
Like sceptics and apologists,  
On things they cannot see.  
It seems most truly comical  
A little chap like you,  
In build so economical,  
Should cause so much ado,  
This big old world upsetting,  
Bringing to it such distress;  
You'd think 'twould be "To Let" in  
Half-a-century or less.  
No invader with his armies  
Ever frightened people so;  
All are asking what a charm is  
'Gainst the mighty tiny foe.  
In so making people nervous  
You get blamed for half their ills,  
And they cry "The Lord preserve us!"  
While they bomb you well with pills.  
They set the learned doctors  
Like detectives on your track,  
And the horrid drug-concoctors  
To resist your dread attack.  
But while science thus pursues you  
Like some wild ferocious beast,  
And a million tongues abuse you,  
You don't mind it in the least.  
Disinfectant-poisons dodging,  
For you know just where to hide;



## IN MANY MOODS

And you often seek your lodging  
In some Fossil's dry inside.  
While the Scientist, with rapture,  
Thinks at last he's found you out,  
You, within, secure from capture,  
Squirm and sport and play about;  
While he probes the vital question,  
'Mongst his vitals you explore,  
View the works of his digestion,  
Overhaul him o'er and o'er.  
Then you take a free excursion  
Through his tunnels dark and grim,  
And for simply light diversion  
Just experiment on him.  
Down amongst his deep internals  
You can gauge his inner man;  
By his lights within in turn all's  
Shown as in a modelled plan.  
Just what kind of stuff he's made of  
You by quaint acquaintance tell,  
See if you his heart's afraid of,  
And his pluck examine well.  
But, of course, at any rate your  
Personal knowledge on the whole  
Of his inner human nature,  
From his cranium to his sole,  
May with his be on a level,  
Since you see him through and through,  
For with all his art, poor devil,  
He can't make so much of you!  
Then his mental height so dizzy  
You can soar to unconfined;

## IN MANY MOODS

While his thinking part is busy,  
See what's passing in his mind.  
And perchance he never guesses  
That he's got you on the brain,  
In his cerebrum's recesses,  
While he hunts for you in vain.  
But, oh, why should man tyrannic  
E'en your right to live dispute,  
He himself a speck organic  
Like yourself? — the selfish brute!

\* \* \*

It may be no idle notion  
That the crowding human race,  
Who on earth make such commotion,  
And assume the foremost place,  
May be one vast collection  
— As in some Gargantuan cheese —  
Of the germs of some infection  
And the microbes of disease;  
And some epidemic sowing  
In the Universe somewhere,  
And be causing, though not knowing,  
Quite an awful cholera scare!

## IN MANY MOODS

### Thoughts On a Breakfast Egg

Methinks that ere I crack the shell,  
While in the mood I may as well;  
And (hating eggs too deuced hot,  
Brought fresh up from the boiling pot)  
I'll act the coroner a bit,

And, meditative, on it sit  
To hatch philosophy from it.

For to a Poet's suggestive mind  
Herein is seen at once combined  
Food for the stomach, food for thought,  
Both of a wholesome toothsome sort;  
And from its rounded form compact  
Some conjured fancy I'll extract,  
Some oft' poached platitude, in fact.

“Ne'er count your chickens 'ere they're hatched,”  
— And yet to this may be attached  
Profounder mysteries than those  
Which most philosophers suppose  
The boundless universe contains,  
Eluding all their search and pains,  
And adding, too, their own poor brains.  
For even this, this polished sphere,  
Reposing in its egg-cup here —  
This casket once a secret bore

## IN MANY MOODS

Which thought hath vainly pondered o'er,  
Life's mystery, secret so sublime,  
The great Enigma of all time  
Enwrapped in albumen and lime!

And from this wondrous vital spark  
By nature's process, secret, dark,  
A structured being with life-blood warm,  
In beauty clothed, of dainty form,  
Might forth have sprung — I'm not far wrong;  
At least the inference is strong —  
It could not now have taken long!

## IN MANY MOODS

### Things Which Concern Nobody

(Everybody's Business is nobody's Business.)

“All, all his vanity,” the preacher cries,  
While he the pulpit desk belabours,  
— But each his conscience satisfies —  
’Twas not for him, but for his neighbors.

“The world is harsh and very stern;  
True worth it rarely recognizes,”  
And so wails each of us in turn —  
Who makes it so, is what surprises.

The world's made up of “Mostly Fools”;  
And most of us can quite believe it,  
And folly 'tis that always rules,  
But we are wise who thus perceive it.

Foolhardy folks we often meet,  
But we true courage have to serve us;  
We are ourselves at times discreet,  
While others they are simply “nervous.”

We notice our successful friends  
Are lucky born without their knowing,  
But when success ourselves attends,  
’Tis to our merits purely owing.

## IN MANY MOODS

We think a tete-a-tete is sweet  
When we for information hunger;  
It is the one across the street  
Who's such a dreadful scandal-monger.

We all discover some defect  
In other people; all are either  
In manners loose or too correct,  
Yet every one of us is neither.

We hate to hear how people boast;  
We smile at their conceits, the oddest;  
They of their virtues make the most,  
'Tis we alone are truly modest!



## IN MANY MOODS

### On a Certain Lady of Uncertain Age

I ween you are the sweetest maid  
Of this, your age, or any other —  
How long since as a child you played?  
Ah, that's a secret, I'm afraid,  
Best known to thy dear white-haired mother!

And when you say you're something-'teen,  
I dare not disbelieve you wholly;  
But since so long a girl you've been,  
I'll whisper this, ourselves between,  
The years with you have crept on slowly!

Each year with you must count as two:  
Some years as months you've estimated,  
While you each year your youth renew,  
So much behind your age are you,  
Your debt to Time's accumulated.

And yet at no far distant day,  
While still an artless girl so girly,  
The past's arrears you'll have to pay;  
No longer Time his hand will stay,  
But steal your maiden charms too early.



## IN MANY MOODS

### Dead Ambitions

Dead ambitions, lost ambitions,  
Who hath not in secret mourned,  
If we chose to make admissions?  
— Flown ambitions! Sweet ambitions  
Which the world hath scorned!

Who hath ne'er such offspring cherished,  
Dared they breathe the secret truth—  
Which like tender flowers have perished  
— Perished, while so fondly cherished,  
In their early youth!

When the dull old world ne'er guesses,  
Memory wings us far away,  
Where by their grave bright hope expresses  
One sweet thought which briefly blesses,  
“They will rise again some day!”

Ah! yes, we each ourselves have pitied,  
Tasted all some sweet regret,  
For some ideal long since flitted;  
For fate us all hath so ill-fitted  
In this life! And yet, and yet —

## IN MANY MOODS

The Goddess Fortune rarely wise is,  
As luckless aspirants have seen;  
And Hope our aims ne'er realises;  
If Fame on all had showered prizes  
— 'Tis sweet to dream what might have been!

## IN MANY MOODS

### Kindred Souls

Oft' we have met in the hurrying throngs,  
And the streams of life that come and go,  
Some one sweet face which we feel belongs  
To a kindred soul we should love to know.  
One look may the inmost mind reveal;  
One look may the inmost soul lay bare;  
And hearts by a glance be made to feel  
That each has the other in keeping there.

Just in one glance two souls may meet,  
Souls that are kindred, tho' strangers yet,  
And each on each leave an impress sweet,  
And a touch that neither shall soon forget;  
While into our minds there will faintly gleam,  
Like the ghostly light from a far-off shore,  
Or a glimpse of some long-forgotten dream,  
The wondering thought, "Have we met before?"

Mayhap we have met in some long ago —  
Yet when or where shall we ever say?  
Have we met before? Yes, it may be so,  
Somewhere in the dim past's yesterday!  
Have our souls in familiar touch been known,  
Have our lives been linked in a golden chain  
That has lengthened out o'er centuries flown,  
Yet drawn us together to meet again?



## IN MANY MOODS

Oh, can it be that the soul's clear eyes  
Can again discern its old-time friends?  
That our purest love ne'er wholly dies?  
That a sweetest attachment never ends?  
Can it be that our souls forever soar  
Thro' a changeful fate's eternal span? —  
Then it may it be we have met before  
In some distant star ere this earth began!

## IN MANY MOODS

### The Funeral Up the Street

Only a funeral up the street,  
An open door and a scanty crowd;  
A minute's excuse for the gossips to meet;  
And a few sad friends, bareheaded and bowed.  
Only a funeral poor and cheap,  
A single coach and a shabby hearse,  
With only a woman to follow and weep,  
On her lonely journey her grief to nurse.

Gently they bear it full into the light,  
A cheap little coffin just clothed in black,  
And with never a wreath but some blossoms of white,  
And a somebody murmurs, "Good-bye, little  
Jack!"

"It's little Jack Collins," the neighbours say;  
"Him with his bonny blue eyes and his curls"  
— It's little Jack Collins that's buried to-day,  
Who bullied the boys and teased the girls,

You surely knew little Jack Collins! — why,  
The sauciest urchin, yet dapper and neat;  
To keep out of scrapes wasn't in him to try —  
And that's his funeral up the street!  
A bright little rascal, though small as a shrimp;  
Of keeping his chums he'd a queer little knack;

## IN MANY MOODS

But the neighbors all dubbed him the devil's own  
imp,  
And everything somehow got blamed on to Jack.

Ah! there's the street organ he jigged to so well,  
'Twas few could keep time with his fluttering feet;  
And to screen his best chum, aye, what fibs he could  
tell —

Now the funeral is creeping along down the street.  
The pranks he would play and the risks he would run,  
And the things he would do just to get his own  
way!

Oh! a quaint little vagabond brimful of fun,  
And it's little Jack Collins that's buried to-day.

Why there's young Sammy Smithers here piping his  
eye.

Ah! poor little chap! look, he's breaking his  
heart! —

“I can't help but cry; we was chums, him and I,

An' it's him as was always a-taking my part.

An' I see as the flowers was put over his head,

An' I only just wanted the funeral to stop —

I — I ain't got no flowers, but I want, 'cause he's  
dead,

To put on his coffin my marbles and top!”



## IN MANY MOODS

“Yet somehow I knows 'tain't all of it true,  
'Cause I sees him 'o nights when I sleeps an'  
dreams;  
An' he brings me flowers, an' they're scented, too,  
An' we has little talks, an' all real it seems!  
An' I thinks of young Jack just as if he ain't gone.  
'Cause I listens to all what he has to say,  
An' I kep' them flowers 'til I wakes in the morn,  
But I looks, and I finds 'em all faded away.”

“But he'll bring down some more; there's gardens  
up There,  
An' someday he'll show me just where they grow,  
An' he's found out the loveliest playground where  
He says all us poor little street kids go!  
— No, I've got no flowers, but Jacky won't mind,  
'Cause he's got all the flowers he wants, you see;  
An' he says them angels is wonderful kind,  
An' he wouldn't tell lies to a chum like me.”



## IN MANY MOODS

### The Old School-House

Amidst the playground, oaken gates before,  
It stands there yet, the same old school of yore.  
So lightly touched by Time's all-changing hand,  
It nestles 'neath where giant elm trees stand —  
Those trees where echo still the cawing rooks,  
The constant buzz of scholars at their books.  
Nor have the swallows from their homestead flown,  
Still nestling 'neath the roof with moss o'ergrown.  
The same old clock, with its familiar face,  
Which bids the lagging pupil haste his pace;  
The same old belfry, with its loud toned bell  
Whence issue warnings truants know too well.  
And there its ruddy bricks its age might prove,  
So scarred with many a sharpened pencil's groove;  
Its whitened entrance steps worn thin and low,  
As feet of generations come and go.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ah, here they come, all careless streaming out;  
And, leaving lessons with relieving shout,  
They swarm like busy bees from crowded hive;  
With vibrant hum the air once more alive.  
The same old merry prank and foolish game,  
Which e'er delights each age's youth the same;  
Nor heed they but the moment's romp and play,  
But blindly dodge in graver people's way,

## IN MANY MOODS

As if the world's a playground all their own,  
And sport a business which is their's alone,  
Their game the one all serious thing in life,  
All else but profitless and mimic strife,  
And now all rush to watch the usual fight,  
When each combatant, eager for the right,  
Would prove his prowess, there at honor's call  
To victory gain, or like a hero fall:  
The same old harmless tussle, harmless ends,  
Five minutes later both the better friends.

\* \* \* \* \*

And where are now the boys of olden time?  
Now grey, or hastening past their manhood's prime.  
Where through the world have strayed their wander-  
ing feet,

Who only now as men as strangers meet,  
Who learnt together, and who romped and fought,  
Who handed down to these their boyish sport?  
— Like scattered leaves! Yet here and there you  
trace

A likeness in some younger scholar's face  
Which shows the grandsire as a lad again,  
Tho' neath the turf long since forgotten lain!  
— All left — with slates and books for ever done;  
All stolen thence like truants one by one,  
Yet still as pupils in Life's larger school,  
Where harder tasks await, and harsh the rule,  
Where stern experience as teacher sways,  
And lessons sets 'til life's declining days.

## IN MANY MOODS

### Someone to Blame

Whatever ill-luck or misfortune befall,  
Be your finances crippled or lame,  
Or life's sweetest honey be turned into gall,  
How it lessens the bitter and sting of it all  
If you can but find someone to blame.

Someone to blame : when trouble is rife,  
To share the vexation and shame,  
Is one of the handiest crutches in life ;  
And it takes off the edge of fate's pitiless knife  
If you can but find someone to blame.

To blame but oneself when arrangements go wrong  
Would prove tantalizingly tame.  
One's abuse could not be so deliciously strong.  
— Yes, life on the whole goes more smoothly along  
When you find there is someone to blame!

## IN MANY MOODS

### Do They Forget?

Those we have mourned, our loved ones lost to sight,  
Those whom our souls would fain reach out to find,  
Do e'er they in that Land of leal and light,  
Bestow one thought to earth long left behind?  
Old cherished friends, our loved and risen dead  
From whom our eyes have oft', so oft', been wet,  
Do they forget, now they have Homeward sped,  
The tenderest ties on earth? — not yet, not yet!  
Our sweet remembrances for joys they shed  
— They ne'er forget, they ne'er forget!

Do they remember there, in that Beyond,  
The hearts still loyal thro' the years that go  
— Remember still our breathings true and fond  
From lips that loved and hearts that missed them  
so?

Can they forget we speak their names with pride,  
And think it long since last our lips they met,  
Forget when here they journeyed at our side —  
Can memory fade for them? — Not yet! not yet!  
That we for love would in their stead have died  
— They ne'er forget, they ne'er forget!

Do they remember in that brighter sphere,  
These humbler homes where sweetest love had  
birth,

## IN MANY MOODS

And muse o'er all the treasure-laden years  
When we together trod the paths of earth?  
Can they remember still each fond embrace?  
And mark their pictures o'er our altars set?  
Do they forget? — and there doth time efface  
The things of earth? — Not yet, not yet!  
That in our prayers they find a foremost place  
— They ne'er forget, they ne'er forget!

Do they remember, in that blest abode,  
The dear familiar scene where hearts would meet,  
Where harmony and placid music flowed,  
Where life was freshened 'til it tasted sweet?  
Can they forget the mutual touch and thrill? —  
— Our lasting loyalty which ne'er shall let  
The fragrance of their presence die until  
We go to join them hence? — Not yet, not yet.  
That we have loved them once, and love them still,  
They ne'er forget, they ne'er forget!



## IN MANY MOODS

### Summer Returning

When hoary King Winter forsakes his white throne,  
And the sleet-laden blasts and the keen winds are  
    flown,  
When warm-breathing zephyrs are murmuring low,  
And the green earth awakes from its white shroud of  
    snow;  
When the icicle crown of the grim frosty King  
Melts away in the warm rosy blushes of Spring,  
And the hills and the valleys with melodies ring,  
    Once more is the summer returning!

When the fields don their mantle of velvety green,  
And the fresh verdant leaflets with blossoms between  
Bedeck every hedgerow, each valley, each vale,  
And the daisies are dotting each grassy-clad dale,  
When the skies tint with blue every mountain and  
    hill,  
While the soft mossy banks of each rippling rill  
Offer violets sweet, and we pluck them at will,  
    Once more is the summer returning!

## IN MANY MOODS

### A Wild-Rose Petal

Souvenir sweet of a May morn's ramble,  
Enshrined 'tween the leaves of a musty book,  
It wafts back the scent of briar and bramble  
And the hawthorn white by the silvern brook.  
'Twas a fair May morn with fragrance laden;  
The sky re-echoed the larks' glad lay,  
As we together, a youth and maiden,  
Tripped thro' fields and woodlands gay.

And from the clustering pink wild roses,  
Fresh with the dew of the morning air,  
I gathered her one of the daintiest posies  
To deck the curls of her nut brown hair.  
— But many a year has flown behind me  
Since there we rambled 'midst briar and thorn;  
And this faded petal remains to remind me  
Like a missive sweet of that bright May morn.

We love as of old, though young no longer;  
Our locks are streaked with silver grey,  
But our love is as fresh, and cemented stronger,  
Since those sunny hours in that morn of May.  
And a Grandchild babe on her lap reposes,  
While others prattle around my knee.  
Tho' time has stolen the pink wild roses,  
She is ever the maiden fair to me!



## IN MANY MOODS

### A Blind Leader

(Henry Fawcett, the Blind British Postmaster-General).

Who but an ardent and heroic soul,  
And one of brave, strong will and master mind,  
Dare climb the rugged path to reach the goal,  
Bright fame, still striving cheerfully — and blind?  
No party parasite who fawned for place,  
Nor one who vaunted proud historic name;  
Unworthy means despising, and the base —  
'Twas sterling worth built up his honest fame.

Unwearied had he knelt at Learning's shrine,  
Sightless — and yet with vision clear as day;  
Deep had he delved for truth in Wisdom's mine,  
And up the steep of Knowledge led the way.  
A noble citizen has passed; stay, Party strife,  
Nor breathe ungenerous word; the course he ran  
Bespoke the patriot, whose blameless life  
Hath earned the epitaph, An Honest Man!

Need polished marble pile entomb his dust;  
Need towering cenotaph record his name?  
Shall laurel wreath adorn his sculptured bust;  
His merits measured by the world's acclaim?

## IN MANY MOODS

— His name a beacon shines, and worthier still  
Than theirs by sword and reddened conquest won;  
He fought for Progress, and with dauntless will;  
His monument is Duty's task well done!

## IN MANY MOODS

### The Voice of Dreams

Oh, the music, and the myst'ry, and the magic of a  
voice;

To my ears it equals heaven's distant chime;  
A voice of accents golden that still makes my heart  
rejoice!

Though it echoes down the avenue of Time.  
Ever near me, ever near me, is the voice remembered  
well,

And its music comes to haunt me in my dreams;  
The days of gold and purple reappear as by a spell,  
'Til blended with the past my spirit seems.

There are living, loving voices, with their welcome  
words of cheer,

And I thank them for the solace that they bring;  
I should miss them, sadly miss them, did they cease  
to soothe my ear

And my harp of life would wear a broken string.  
Yet another voice is calling; it is heard above the  
throng

— There is rapture only angels could define —  
It breathes a loving message in a never-ending song  
That stirs and wakes no other soul but mine.

There are voices of the ocean, the solitude and wild;  
There are voices from the verdant forest glades,

## IN MANY MOODS

From the bright and joyous places that a poet's heart  
beguiled;

There are voices from the caverns and the shades.

There are voices from the cities and the busy marts  
of gain,

And voices that are stifled in the din,

But the sordid tongues of Babel never drown that  
sweet refrain,

Nor the voice of one to whom my soul's akin!

## IN MANY MOODS

### To Grace

The sculptor's art in classic time  
To woman's beauty tribute paid;  
In fullest justice to her prime,  
The Graces three were thus portrayed.  
Yet woman's charms so manifold,  
Her charms of soul, of form, and face,  
Once shown in Three, to-day behold  
Embodied in one single Grace!

## IN MANY MOODS

### I Wished Not to Love Thee!

Oh, thy charms and the glance from thy dark liquid  
eye,

And the smile from thy lips have, alas! made me sigh.  
For I wished not to love thee — yet try as I may  
To forget those bright eyes which bewitchingly play  
Like warm gleams of sunshine around my cold heart,  
They yet cause a glow, and the pulses to start.  
I strove not to love thee, but Oh, it was vain.  
— Thy presence gives pleasure, thine absence gives  
pain.

And my heart doth but languish when thou art away,  
But freshens once more like the flowerets in May,  
As the rays of the sun kiss their golden heart's core,  
When thy fair face is near — for I love thee the more  
That I strove not to love thee! Oh, dead is my will,  
And this heart, not my own, now but beats for thee  
still!

## IN MANY MOODS

### The Haunted House

'Gainst where the twilight is waning  
Away in the mystery of night,  
Where Earth and Shadowland mingle,  
While the hoot-owl wings its flight,  
It stands in the solitude eerie,  
The throne of a dumb despair;  
And 'tis said that the dead departed  
Foregather in silence there!  
Ruined, and sad, and sombre  
Is the home where the shadows dwell,  
And they rise at the ghostly signal  
Of the distant vesper bell.  
Hush! traveller, hurry in silence;  
Creep by ere the daylight fades;  
Oh, mortals, beware who tarry,  
For there be the dead men's shades;  
And the spirit forms glide with you  
To the depths of yonder glades!

Where the rushes for ever are moaning  
In the breath of the zephyrs cool,  
Where echoes of weird responses  
Float o'er the stagnant pool,  
By the tree with its withered branches,  
Leafless and grim and gaunt,  
Whereon sits the croaking raven,



## IN MANY MOODS

Is the spot which the spirits haunt.  
There are sighs from the frowning gables,  
There are whispers of nameless fears,  
There are shapes that are woven of shadows,  
From each window a presence peers.  
Hush, traveller, bate your breathing,  
And lessen your heart's loud beat,  
And pray for a craven's courage  
To hasten your mute retreat,  
Lest the shade of the dead draw nigh you,  
For swift are their spirit feet.

Go, stranger, and lonely venture  
To pry thro' the haunted gloom;  
Go, follow their soundless footsteps  
As they move from room to room!  
Nay? — Does your poor heart tremble  
At meeting the spirits' gaze? —  
Tho' the ghosts of the Past surround you  
In each of your crowded days!  
Then haste thee, traveller, homewards;  
Haste on to the hives of men,  
Lest ye catch the fleeting glimpses  
Of things so beyond thy ken.  
And the angels shall smile in pity,  
And guide thee, and guard thine eyes  
From seeing thou, too, art a spirit  
Here walking in fleshly guise —  
From knowing each House is haunted,  
And haunted thine own likewise!

## IN MANY MOODS

### Consequences

There is much in Life that may make us smile;  
There is much in Life that must make us sigh;  
But where the living is worth the while,  
'Tis trifles oft' govern the reason why.  
Whether we look at the world as stale,  
Or jig to the bells of the Merry Fool,  
Or with Cynic's tongue we snarl and rail,  
'Tis hidden trifles our actions rule.  
The lot of the peasant is just as good  
As the lot of the poor o'er-burdened King,  
If the peasant but poaches enough of food  
To keep Life's pendulum on the swing.  
Whatever we think and whatever we feel,  
And whether our hearts are gay or sad,  
Depends on trifles a very great deal —  
Depends on the kind of dinner we've had,  
And whether digestion is good or bad.

## IN MANY MOODS

### A Dream of the Coming Day

A beauteous world, all peaceful and serene,  
This earth turned Paradise, rolled calmly on;  
No trace of all the strife which it had seen,  
And o'er its face the sun of Freedom shone.  
And all the stains and blots of struggles dire,  
Which in the infant days of Man, long o'er,  
Had marred its features fair with sword and fire,  
Were now, through Time's effacing hand, no more.  
Humanity at last had now outgrown  
The poor, weak follies of its infancy;  
Its baby toys had long aside been thrown,  
And to the past consigned, and Man was free!

The tyranny of Cant was now outworn;  
The shams which once supremely ruled the world.  
Iconoclastic Reason had, in scorn,  
Into oblivion in fragments hurled.  
And so to-day the cherished Goal was won,  
And man's soul-healing panacea was gained.  
The chequered struggles of the Race were done,  
And wisdom soared unshackled, unrestrained,  
Far, far above all earthly things that die,  
Above, Olympian heights in thought sublime;  
Thus leaving antiquated cults to lie  
Deep buried in the sands of fleeting time.

## IN MANY MOODS

Yet e'en in this all-blissful, happy age,  
A spirit of the Past arose once more —  
A poor deluded soul, a would-be sage,  
Whose mind was fashioned to the days of yore.  
Of worn-out creeds he babbled fiercely loud;  
Old idols which had long-forgotten lain  
He disinterred from their dishonoured shroud,  
And sought to raise them to their heights again.  
He prayed mankind once more to kiss the dust,  
In servile worship to these gods to kneel,  
In fetish faiths alone to place its trust,  
To grasp at phantoms and reject the Real.

Humanity in pity calmly smiled;  
Then, full of eloquence and scorn replied,  
By turning o'er Time's pages, black, defiled,  
And pointing to experience, her guide.  
He turned away, his bosom filled with grief,  
To gather up his Idols, with a sigh;  
When, lo! each god had withered like a leaf  
Before the glance of Reason's searching eye!  
They by the laughing winds were scattered wide,  
Their ashes lost, forgotten evermore.  
\* \* \* And so the sage he bowed his head, and died;  
While earth rolled on serenely as before.

## IN MANY MOODS

### A Face in the Crowd

A soft fairy vision, a moment'ry dream,  
It gladdened my heart like a summer day's gleam,  
Dispelling the shadow like roseate morn,  
But the day waned away almost ere it was born,  
A bright fleeting ripple, it laughed and flashed by,  
For the rapturous moment gave birth to a sigh.  
It came and was gone, but a vanishing ray,  
Just gilding the moment to darken the day.  
One moment I basked in its ravishing smile,  
And warmed was my heart in its sunlight the while.  
One moment, and only one moment it shone,  
Enthralling my bosom, the next it was gone.  
Gone! yes for ever—Oh, whither! Oh, where?  
Oh, tell! for my heart has since followed it there!



## IN MANY MOODS

### Romance and Rags!

(Thoughts in an Old-Clothes Market.)

Rags, rags, nothing but rags! —  
Remnants of life's old battle-torn flags.  
Bridal satins and weeds of crêpe,  
Out of fashion and out of shape.  
By beggars worn when dropped by the rich,  
Worn, worn, to the very last stitch!  
Fustian and velvet, cotton and tweed,  
Cloaks and mantles of every creed,  
Liveries of paupers and Money-bags;  
— Rags, rags, nothing but rags!

Nothing but rags, yet 'neath that old vest  
A heart once throbbed in some human breast.  
Did it throb with pleasure or ache with care —  
What secrets there hid from the world's rude stare?  
And whose was the soul that this coat once wore;  
Whose was the breast that it buttoned o'er?  
Whose limbs have creased it, and whose the form  
It sheltered from many a shower and storm —  
Was it sober sage's, or thoughtless wag's?  
— Rags, rags, nothing but rags!

## IN MANY MOODS

Nothing but rags! There's a tattered old gown,  
Now faded, and worn to a lifeless brown,  
Carefully mended and neatly patched  
With pieces from patterns and shades ill-matched.  
Whose were the fingers, and whose were the pains?  
Whence those suspicions of tear-drop stains?  
— Velvet, or shoddy, or silken twill —  
The ghosts of their owners inhabit them still;  
And the Past at the skirt of Humanity drags;  
— Rags, rags, nothing but rags!

Nothing but rags, yet all in their day,  
Bright from the loom in their patterns gay,  
Have tightened o'er bosoms which swelled with pride  
For the outward worth of themselves inside.  
Yet some in such rags which Adversity brings  
May be worthy of wearing an Angel's wings!  
— When the robes of Fashion shall crumble to dust,  
Who shall be clothed in the robes of the just?  
Musty and dusty, Life's battle-torn flags;  
— Rags, rags, nothing but rags!



## IN MANY MOODS

### Songs of the Bygone

Sing me the songs of the olden times,  
Songs of our gladsome Youth and Spring;  
Melodies sweet, with their simple rhymes —  
Songs that our loved ones used to sing!  
Soothe mine ears with the well-known strains,  
Each with a tale of its own to tell;  
Those old, yet ever new, refrains  
Wherein our treasured Bygones dwell!

Sing me the oft-repeated themes  
Of the golden days of the long ago —  
Songs that awaken our dormant dreams  
Aye! Songs that may make the heart o'erflow!  
Songs that are mellowed and ripe with age,  
Songs that are fragrant with Love's romance,  
And gild with glamour Life's faded page,  
To refresh the soul with sweet tears, perchance!

## IN MANY MOODS

### Nature

Philosophy and Science, hand in hand,  
From age to age have winged their daring flight,  
And brought from Nature's storehouse secrets grand,  
And life enriched with precious gems of light.  
— So far their wings may soar, then helpless fall;  
We gather but a glimpse of her domain;  
The realms revealed thro' Science are not all  
The Universe of her eternal reign.  
A wandering atom in the starry space,  
Our Mother Earth resplendent and sublime;  
In Nature but a particle its place,  
Tho' rendered fair and beautified thro' Time.

It is not this, our little sphere alone,  
That serves majestic Nature's boundless cause;  
For worlds perhaps far fairer than our own  
Roll on obedient to eternal laws;  
And peopled, too, by beings, perchance, that are  
Remote from all the ills Earth's mortals know,  
And higher than humanity by far,  
Who, as the gods, to bright perfection grow.  
And 'midst the universal Mystery  
That mocks the vaulting visionary's dream,  
Proud Man, the self-appointed peer, may be  
The infant Child of her paternal scheme.

## IN MANY MOODS

In every atom Nature's force is shown;  
Each microscopic speck, each tiny flower,  
May no less prove a world than this, our own,  
And scenes of mighty miracle and power.  
While plan and Purpose thro' the ages run,  
In deathless change re-birth succeeds decay;  
Triumphant Life survives in Seed and Sun,  
Thro' Nature's endless resurrection day!  
In Star and Germ her vital secret glows;  
And onward ever her evolving course;  
In her all Being's tide directive flows —  
In her made manifest the Mystic Source!

## IN MANY MOODS

### The Beggar Among the Creeds

A stranger there came to the world one day,  
Palsied and blind, as in life's decay;  
And he took up his stand by the crowded way,  
    And there in the garb of a beggar stood.  
Tattered and rent were his garments mean,  
Through which his nakedness might be seen,  
Shrunk his limbs and his visage lean,  
    To wait some Samaritan kind and good,  
    An appeal to the spirit of brotherhood.

He wistfully waited, and waited long,  
Then slowly moved with the seething throng,  
Hustled and swayed in the tumult strong,  
    None heeding his piteous, feeble cry;  
Intent on little but self and gain,  
Naught recked they of his hunger-pain,  
The struggling rich and the thoughtless vain,  
    Too busy to think whilst hurrying by  
    Whether beggars might live or beggars might die.

At last came one from out the crowd,  
Who preached at him lengthily, long and loud,  
And bade him confess that he still felt proud  
    To be born with a soul that might yet be saved;  
And he urged that a God had for him atoned,

## IN MANY MOODS

He offered a tract, and a prayer he droned.  
“But, alas! I am blind!” the beggar moaned.  
Yet dogma was deaf, and of Hell it raved,  
And prayed with shut eyes for the man depraved.

He moved again, and there fell on his ear  
The voice of one who, with vision drear,  
Saw only the evil and darkness here;  
In life but a journey from bad to worse,  
In all but an empty, purposeless gloom,  
Thro’ which Death’s shadows for ever loom,  
To-day, and the present, a living doom.  
“Fly!” said he, “from the universe,  
And, leaving, condemn with a dying curse!”

But the things that were taught no solace brought,  
Nor was it the bread which he long had sought.  
—Then passed there one who, enwrapped in thought,  
Yet he deigned to bestow a passing glance.  
Learned was he in all ancient lore,  
In the hoary creeds and the cults of yore,  
And he urged that all souls had lived before,  
That our each past life was a misused chance,  
That our ills were thus for our soul’s advance.

And the beggar moved on for another pace,  
’Til he met with one with an eager face.  
“Our science would study your woeful case —  
“How much for your body?” the scientist cried,  
And he fumbled his purse and his scalpel keen,



## IN MANY MOODS

With fingers so seemingly white and clean  
Yet with gruesome stains of blood between!  
— But the beggar with only a tear replied,  
Then slowly and wearily moved aside.

Then came one wise in the lore of State  
To of facts and figures profoundly prate;  
And he pointed the way to the workhouse gate  
For the shelter and bread he would humbly crave.  
And the rigid economist turned away,  
Nor bade he his fellow-man good-day,  
But he turned again with a word to say:  
“The parish provides with a pauper’s grave” —  
The beggar for thanks but a long sigh gave.

Then he turned from the world with its sordid tact,  
From those who profess, but who fail to act,  
Who reverence little but cold, hard fact;  
Who on all but substance have set a seal —  
From the wide-eyed dreamers than he more blind  
From the leaders who lead to delude their kind;  
Who live but for matter, while worshipping mind,  
With faces of brass and foreheads of steel,  
Who have brains to think, but no hearts to feel!

He turned, all pityingly and pained,  
When a softest touch him to earth retained,  
And a kindly voice all his heart enchained.  
“Brother,” it said, “I am seeking thee.  
“I would give thee the comfort my means allow” —  
And a light there shone on the speaker’s brow —

## IN MANY MOODS

“I would heal thy sorrow, here and now!”  
—And the humanist led him, and lodged him free,  
Nor asking question, nor seeking fee.

And when the shadows of night were past  
The Humanist sought him his guest at last —  
Sought him with welcome to break his fast.

And lo, the beggar was quietly gone;  
And there in his place an angel viewed  
Smiling a message of gratitude!  
The beggar it was in his form renewed;  
And he beckoned him upward and ever on,  
In the golden path where His presence shone.



## IN MANY MOODS

### Departed

It is o'er! and the Spirit that loved us has drifted,  
E'en love hath no longer the power to retain.  
Our soul dumbly yearns for the veil to be lifted,  
For a smile that shall answer our own once again.  
It is o'er, and the shadows have slowly descended;  
And, helpless, our eyes turn to look for the light.  
We silently muse on the pilgrimage ended,  
And ponder the rest so obscured from our sight.  
Yet above, amidst Time and Eternity blended,  
In the Heavens the stars signal on through the  
night.

It is o'er, and the soul in which all our love centred  
Has passed from our gaze; 'twas for God to dispose  
Yet a question has into our consciousness entered —  
Does this bring the ending; does this mean the  
close?  
Have they lived but to love, then to leave us for-  
saken?  
Most cherished of flowers in all nature's expanse.  
Do they live but in dream when our memories  
awaken?  
Is it empty of meaning the soul's high advance?  
Oh no! let our faith in God be unshaken;  
Nor deem life and being creations of Chance.

## IN MANY MOODS

It is o'er! Yet from out of this mystery of Being  
Emerges a Light that may help to reveal —  
A clue to the truth so beyond human seeing,  
And the motives of God on which nature sets seal.  
In the light beyond seeing are truths beyond know-  
ing,  
And things to which ever our senses are blind;  
For the Real exists not alone by its showing,  
And the Infinite is not by measure confined.  
And so enters the soul in its passage outgoing  
To a Life yet more full than the world left behind.

It is o'er! and our tears bring to vision confusion,  
We yield to the sadness of things as they seem;  
We see not the Visible is but Illusion,  
And Substance a shadow that fades like a dream.  
O, slave of the senses, thou Spirit in-dwelling,  
Obediently blind to thy work-a-day thrall:  
But list' to what Nature is everywhere telling —  
The secret Unseen is pulsating thro' all!  
O'er the surge of emotions that round us are swell-  
ing  
Are heard the sweet voices of silence that call!

It is o'er, and the garb weaved of earth's imperfec-  
tion,  
As it dropped from the wearer, is left us to see;  
For the Soul that has passed thro' its bright  
resurrection  
Has soared to the mastery of sense, and is free!  
And the mystical veil of the vision dividing

## IN MANY MOODS

This world from the next, as the night from the  
day,  
In the realm of the Real and the ever-abiding  
Shall fade from the view like this vestment of clay,  
And our dear, living dead, with their spirit-eyes  
guiding,  
Shall help us to see when the mists roll away!

## IN MANY MOODS

### Memories

(Lines written in a Child's Album)

As you were once the playmate and the friend  
Of her I loved, ah, more than words can tell,  
For memory's sake these simple lines are penned;  
Because you loved her, too, I wish you well.  
And when in years to come you read these lines,  
Think not of me, but her, whose childish love  
E'en yet a jewel and a beacon shines  
As she looks down upon you from Above.

## IN MANY MOODS

### The Romance of a Street-Door

Could its knocker but speak with its rat, tat, tat,  
Or memory loosen the tongue of its bell,  
Or the mouth of its letter-box o'er the doormat  
Give out a note, each a tale might tell!  
The panels are darkened with age and grime,  
But its key-hole gleams like an eye of gold,  
And hollowed its steps by the feet of Time,  
With epitaphs there a thousand-fold!

Whispers and kisses and lovers' sighs  
To-night float out as it stands ajar—  
Sweet last kisses and fond good-byes  
For a soldier lover is going afar.  
— Then a summer's morn, and it opens wide,  
The golden sun goes streaming through  
To gild the path of a smiling bride  
And blossoms and rice all the steps bestrew.

Now mistletoe hangs, an inviting snare,  
Just in the passage behind the door  
And willing victims are vanquished there  
'Til cheeks are rosy and lips are sore.  
— Now revelry's sounds are issuing forth  
With music's jingle and laughter's din,  
But to-morrow may listen to words of wrath,  
To-morrow may usher the brokers in.

## IN MANY MOODS

Humanity's traffic goes hurrying by,  
The pavement is swept by a thousand feet,  
And the sentinel doorway, three steps high,  
Looks down on the surge of the motley street  
— The world up a-doing, the world asleep,  
In the roaring day, and the silent night,  
Many a secret this door shall keep,  
And many a drama it hides from sight!



## IN MANY MOODS

### I Leave the Dear Homeland!

I leave the dear Homeland, with thee in its keeping,  
My one precious jewel that shines but for me!  
And tho' thy dear eyes prove thy love by their weep-  
ing

'Twill soften the farewell to home and to thee.  
Farewell!—yet that word full of sadness is rending  
With anguish the core of this fond, faithful heart,  
'Til it seems that the strength of my spirit is bending,  
Now from thee, my sweet Eileen, at last I must  
part!

Unyielding the fates that so cruelly sever  
Fond hearts fused together by love's holy fire;  
Oh, bitter the good-bye which, maybe for ever,  
Shall part me from these, precious gem of desire!  
Tho' cruel it be that sad word must be spoken,  
Yet no distance or time shall affection dispel.  
Tho', my Eileen, at least one fond heart shall be  
broken,  
I leave thee and home, love, and bid thee farewell!

Farewell to the dear Mother Country that bore me,  
And farewell, alas! to all dearer than life;  
More cherished these scenes, and the blue skies now  
o'er me,



## IN MANY MOODS

As I fare me afar to the wider world's strife.  
And dearer, my Eileen I'm leaving forsaken;  
More precious thy charms since they may not be  
mine;  
And deep the emotion those tears re-awaken,  
Bedewing the flowers that my heart shall entwine!

Yet the memory sweet of my Eileen's embraces,  
And the thoughts of our lingering kisses and sighs,  
Shall shine thro' the shadows of Life's darkest places  
Like the gems of those tears in thy sorrowful eyes.  
And the pledge from thine heart I alone am possess-  
ing,  
I'll repeat as a blessing where e'er I may roam,  
While thy voice, like a melody soft and caressing,  
Shall give hope of re-union with Eileen and Home!

## IN MANY MOODS

### The Dreamer

High o'er the struggling world and its cares,  
Mantled in study away from its snares;  
Of wealth and of pleasure desiring the least,  
While Books can afford such Parnassian feast.  
Of all things not simple his life he has shorn,  
The world's hollow vanity laughing to scorn,  
His highest ambition for Truth and Right,  
And on Life's dark problems to shed more light.  
But oft' to the window, from cosy nook,  
He turns for a while, leaving pen and book,  
To gaze on the struggles of life below,  
And wonder why God should have it so.

And gazing a-down from the Watchtower of Life,  
He has caught the vibration of storm and strife,  
'Til his heart feels sore, and he turns to pray  
For some heavenly ray to direct the way  
To an understanding of men and things,  
And the mysteries enfolding serfs and Kings —  
And as earth scenes fade, he will gaze afar  
'Til the Gates of Revealment stand ajar.

## IN MANY MOODS

### To a Beautiful Lady Sitting for Her Portrait

Oh, lovely maid, art thou not yet content  
With all the charms by generous nature lent,  
That thou attempt the miracle again?  
Improve perfection! — vanity in vain!  
And are those star-like eyes of thine  
Bedimmed by their own light divine,  
That thy weak pride commands that art shall trace  
Such sweet perfection, and such matchless grace?  
— To duplicate thy charms would make them less;  
Why raise a rival to thy loveliness?

## IN MANY MOODS

### Seclusion

When the heart is over-weary,  
    With the burdens of the day,  
In the Twilight dim and eerie,  
    In the Shadows ghostly grey,  
In reverence I betake me  
    To meditate awhile —  
From my reverie do not wake me,  
    For tho' all else forsake me,  
There is Heaven's sweetest smile!  
    In the Shadows, in the Shadows,  
Self to Self to reconcile;  
    Tho' sad mem'ries overtake me,  
In the Shadows, in the Shadows,  
    There is Heaven's sweetest smile!

## IN MANY MOODS

### An Ideal Philanthropist

For those who merely moralize  
I feel an honest wholesome scorn;  
They'd utilise the very skies  
Their virtues just to advertise,  
And show they're not like others born.

Nor can I sometimes quite desist  
From sneering at that fashion's craze,  
To pose as a Philanthropist  
By heading some subscription list  
To show to whom is due the praise.

I most love him who works good deeds,  
Yet never trumpets forth his name,  
He who the cold and hungry feeds,  
And secretly relieves their needs  
— You know I do the very same!  
And how I blush to find it fame!

## IN MANY MOODS

### A Letter to Posterity

“The Evil men do lives after them.”

My dear Posterity,  
You'll please excuse  
The liberty I take in writing;  
I trust, too, you will not refuse  
To read this effort of my Muse,  
Tho' should you, I'll not think you slighting.  
And yet I hope this note which I'm  
Directing, will not fail to reach you,  
If lost, tho', in the Post of Time  
( 'Tis for your ear alone this rhyme),  
I would prefer myself to meet you.  
You may, perchance, not feel inclined,  
E'en should this reach its destination,  
To hear from one so far behind  
The times, nor cherish feelings kind  
Towards a distant poor relation.  
I've very little news, I own,  
For you are now above all learning;  
You know much more than we have known  
About our times, and doubtless shown  
That we were heathens undiscerning.  
Of course, our Science and our Laws,  
Our very Art and Institution,  
Our chronicles of foolish wars,



## IN MANY MOODS

With governments so full of flaws,  
Have gone to smash and dissolution.  
Our manner, customs, books and dress,  
Our fashions crazy and despotic,  
Our heaped-up wealth and poor's distress,  
Have all been classed as more or less  
Uncivilised and idiotic.

And things in which we took huge pride,  
The costly products of Invention,  
But relics now which you deride,  
And in museums thrown aside,  
And reckoned out-of-date to mention.  
Our age you call an age of drones,  
And one of man's most backward stages.  
Our gramophones and telephones  
Now classified with stocks and stones  
Of still remoter savage ages.  
You've long discarded Steam and Rails  
As cumbrous mode of locomotion  
— You e'en dispense with wind and sails  
Since Wireless Transit never fails  
By Air, or Land or Ocean!  
Our Aeroplanes and Submarines  
As means of travel ne'er are needed,  
And home to home bring far-off scenes,  
Mayhap by Telepathic means,  
And Letter-Post is superseded.  
But as I've nothing on this head  
To add to your vast information,  
I'll say that had you lived instead  
In our dark age, you'd now be dead.



## IN MANY MOODS

So seek in that some consolation.

You've need no longer to engage  
In rectifying Nature's blunders,  
Erasing blots from history's page,  
Reversing verdicts of our age,  
And restless, searching out new wonders.  
You long ere this have found the way  
To regulate all Life's abuses,  
To make of life a holiday,  
A sort of long and brilliant play;  
And for all things found out new uses.  
Our every problem you've undone,  
And all your world's a bright Utopia;  
And, freed from labour every one  
By new-found Force in Moon or Sun,  
You feed from Plenty's cornucopia.

Ah, yes, it must be very nice

To live in times of such perfection,  
Our longed-for dream of Paradise,  
When there would be no wrong, no vice,  
No trades disputes or tax-collectors!

And yet I should be pleased to know  
If you are happy altogether,

Or if you sometimes find things slow,  
And just emit a growl or so,

Should you have still with you the weather.  
I've little, as I say, to tell,

Except our weather's far from pleasant  
(The glass to-day, too, slightly fell),

But still, I trust this finds you well,  
As it leaves me at present.

## IN MANY MOODS

You'll think me formal, if not rude,  
I fear, and but a pert inquirer ;  
So let me hasten to conclude,  
Yours truly, if I don't intrude,  
An Unknown friend and deep Admirer.

\* \* \* \* \*

P. S.—You need not answer to my own,  
For when this note you are receiving,  
My new address may not be known,  
Since when a hundred years have flown,  
My present residence I'm leaving.

## IN MANY MOODS

### The Year Has Passed

(Midnight, December 31st.)

The year has passed! — another scene is o'er,  
In this, our panorama of existence here;  
Another pull towards that shadow shore  
To which our fragile bark we steer.  
The journey lessens as each year glides on,  
How great a portion of our lives it seems to be;  
Yet what one crowded year, when come and gone?  
— A ripple on the ocean of Eternity!

## IN MANY MOODS

### Reflections On a Nose

Lovelorn bards, a thousand score,  
To Eyes and Lips their odes compose,  
Yet seem agreed to all ignore  
This homely fact — all eyes before,  
Each perfect face must wear a Nose.

To paint a fair one's charms they use  
Language choice and highly flown,  
But never would they tax their Muse  
To paint her nose; they would refuse,  
And only elevate their own.

And yet this much we may surmise —  
This central charm of all the face  
Put out of joint 'twixt mouth and eyes,  
If lost to those who it despise,  
They'd think it still more out of place.

And lovers, too, when lips they press,  
Between each soft, ecstatic sigh,  
No doubt oft' wish its length were less;  
But then 'tis very handy, yes,  
To lead each other by!

## IN MANY MOODS

But some there are with proper pride  
Who through their nose affix a ring,  
While others by the rule abide,  
And blindly follow it, their guide.  
— To Gossips 'tis a precious thing!

## IN MANY MOODS

### In a Portrait Gallery

'Tis a fact that's undisputed  
— Curious fact of all among —  
These heads were all first executed,  
Ere being sentenced to be hung.

## IN MANY MOODS

### The Philosopher's Toothache

Martyrs have died and heroes have bled  
    (Now I wonder if this would their fortitude shake)  
Then why should I shrink from and why should I  
    dread  
    (Though I pray that to-night it won't keep me  
        awake)  
Such a trivial ill as a Tooth with its ache?

Before us heroic examples like these  
    (No doubt it's that piece of home-made seedy cake)  
'Tis none but a craven would whimper for ease  
    (I think I'll a few drops of laudanum take)  
From such trivial ill as a Tooth with its ache.

Ah, to think of the anguish and pain of mankind  
    (That it's going to be worse, my existence I'll  
        stake)  
And the woes of the World!—then why should I mind  
    (Gad!—its just like the bite of a venomous snake)  
Such a trifling ill as a Tooth with its ache!

When I think of Scævola, that Roman so grand  
    (My reason, I fear, will its throne soon forsake)  
And Cranmer who, likewise, burnt off his own hand  
    (Much rather than this would I go to the stake)  
It seems a mere trifle, this Tooth with its ache!



## IN MANY MOODS

There is something some splendid old moralist wrote,  
    (I wish I dare howl — and a sensation make)  
'Tis something that one in affliction might quote  
    (I must have the thing out, though my jaw it may  
        break)  
    — Oh, this Tooth, with its galvanic-battery-ache!

## IN MANY MOODS

### A Handful of Epitaphs

#### ON A COMEDIAN.

An earnest jester, he each day  
Made dull hearts light, and grave ones gay  
And those he made with laughter cry  
Have still the teardrops in their eye.  
Still sigh they for the jests he gave,  
While now he's gravest of the grave.

---

#### ON A MODEST MAN.

With not a particle of pride endowed  
Was he, as thro' the even course of life he ran,  
Except that he was very proud  
Of being such a very modest man.

---

#### ON A LETTERCARRIER

He mounted many steps each day,  
A real Progressive in his way  
Yet no Promotion him it brought;  
This Pilgrim's progress came to naught,  
'Til from hard knocks he lost his vim,  
Then promptly Death Delivered him.

## IN MANY MOODS

### Epitaphs (Continued)

#### ON A POLITICIAN OF A SMALL PARTY.

Steadfast and true thro' Party Strife,  
No turncoat could he be,  
Yet at the latter end of life  
He joined the "Great Majority."

---

#### ON A COLLIER.

He knew life's dark and seamy side:  
'Twas that which he preferred;  
And many times before he died  
He found himself interred.  
Deep thinking was his special bent  
Tho' far from reckoned wise,  
He studied closely "Man's Descent,"  
And worked to get a Rise.  
He often knelt, but not to pray;  
And, sinful in the main,  
Each day his resurrection day,  
He hoped to Rise again.  
And whether he's gone farther down,  
Or heaven was his goal,  
In either case, now, Collier Brown  
Won't feel the need for Coal.

## IN MANY MOODS

### Epitaphs (Continued)

#### ON AN UNTRUTHFUL MAN.

This man was from his early youth  
More prone to lie than speak the truth;  
Tho' active both at work and play,  
He loved to Lie about each day.  
When time his mortal coil to doff,  
'Twas hard to shake the habit off;  
As if to exercise his skill,  
Here you find him lying still.

---

#### ON A DISAPPOINTED OFFICE-SEEKER.

So often Passed Over, he ne'er was in Clover;  
For every Office in turn he tried,  
'Til death himself even passed him over —  
Over to the "Other Side."

## IN MANY MOODS

### Epitaphs (Continued)

#### ON A CHIMNEY SWEEP.

Here lies one who in his day  
Did much to clear abuse away;  
Tho' black as night, no evil sprite,  
More of a Pioneer of Light;  
His calling highest aims bespoke,  
Yet ended, as begun, in smoke.  
He chose the crooked way and dark,  
Yet came and left behind his mark.  
A man of few misdeeds, and yet,  
With reputation Black as Jet,  
And though his heart was ne'er forlorn,  
He put on mourning every morn.  
'Twas not with grief his clothes he tore,  
His black in holes he constant wore.  
Now death from earth has swept a sweep  
Who seldom washed, tho' soap's so cheap.  
Let's hope that 'mongst the Angels bright  
His blackest record's been washed white.

## IN MANY MOODS

### Epitaphs (Continued)

#### ON A RETIRING MAN.

A man of such retiring ways  
At last retired to rest.  
He failed to in his business days,  
With business cares opprest.

---

#### ON A LUCKLESS OPTIMIST.

In life ill-starred, he found it hard  
His meagre rent to spare;  
And yet would he a builder be  
Of Castles in the Air.  
No brick or stone to call his own,  
His home was like a sty  
— Now, trials all past, he owns at last  
A “Mansion in the Sky.”



## IN MANY MOODS

### Morals of a Misanthrope

“Misery is necessary to the attainment of true happiness.”

—“ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY,” p. 202.

Always take your pleasures sadly,  
Though it makes you look quite badly,  
And with ghoul-like satisfaction dwell upon your  
woes:

Tell some listening friend your trouble,  
'Til he finds his own grown double;  
Reiterate those sufferings which there's no one, no  
one knows!

Then with woeful looks and sighing,  
Hint at suicide and dying;  
Pour out all your troubles in his sympathetic ear,  
With touch that's morbidly artistic,  
Gruesome, grim and realistic,  
'Til he really feels as gloomy and as glum as you  
appear.

And when with clever pathos — culture,  
You, like vampire or like vulture,  
Have feasted on his sympathy 'til half his hair  
turns white,  
Should he, in sheer self-preservation,

## IN MANY MOODS

Venture, too, some information  
Of his own small cares — then treat him as an  
interloper quite.

But should he show the rare presumption  
To press his plaint, then show your gumption;  
Never let him, in return, recite his woes to you,  
For if your style you let him borrow,  
Perhaps — who knows? — his load of sorrow  
May be as big as yours, or bigger — then whatever  
would you do?

As you were first the thing to mention,  
You've prior claim on his attention,  
And undisputed right have to each tear that he  
bestows;  
So soon as he shows inclination  
To seek, himself, some consolation,  
Just silence and subdue him with a fresh list of  
your woes.

'Tis always best at once to teach him  
That you in troubles far o'er-reach him;  
Just to let him understand that you don't tolerate  
Such mean and selfish interference,  
Squelch it on its first appearance,  
And show him he can ne'er aspire to troubles half  
as great.

Claim him as your comrade, Brother,  
Remind him friends should help each other —

## IN MANY MOODS

With this truest test of friendship he dare not disagree;  
Then pile it on, and pile it thickly,  
'Til he reels, quite faint and sickly.  
Then see your friend has shared your troubles, ere  
you set your captive free!

## IN MANY MOODS

### The Magical Root

As the Root of all Evil is Money described,  
Yet it often produces an excellent fruit,  
And I wish the god Mammon could somehow be  
bribed,  
To plant where I know the rich soil it would suit,  
— To plant in my garden, my little back garden,  
The tiniest bit of this magical root!

## IN MANY MOODS

### Dear Distant Heart!

(Written for a Musical Setting).

Dear distant heart! tho' seas may flow between us,  
And far the day thine hand may rest in mine.  
Long ere we meet, as oft' the stars have seen us,  
Yet thro' the space this heart shall speak to thine.  
Whate'er befalls tho' fates perverse may guide us,  
— Soft vows our souls exchanging from afar —  
Heart speaks to heart, tho' distance divides us,  
Like voiceless signals from star to star.

Dear distant heart, whate'er may betide us,  
Each hears a message that comes from afar;  
Love wafts our vows, tho' the distance divide us,  
Like voiceless signals from star to star!  
Heart speaks to heart, heart speaks to heart  
Like voiceless signals from star to star!

Dear distant heart, the shadows now lie o'er us,  
Nor know we when or where we next may meet,  
Yet shall the star of love shine e'er before us,  
A pledge of rhapsody, a promise sweet!  
May heaven record our inmost heart's communing;

## IN MANY MOODS

—Like whispered echoes from the spheres sublime —  
Our kindred souls in harmony attuning,  
'Til love shall victor prove o'er space and Time!

Dear distant heart, etc.

Dear distant heart, mine own, mine own for ever,  
This ardent soul responsive turns to thee.  
Bound by the ties that distance ne'er can sever,  
This bosom thrills when thinkest thou of me!  
With tend'rest thoughts, while stars are brightly  
beaming,  
My yearning spirit feels thy presence sweet is near,  
Oh, breathe my name, awake, or in thy dreaming,  
My listening conscience shall thine accents hear!

Dear distant heart, etc.



## IN MANY MOODS

### The Source of Genius

It seems a puzzle to my mind,  
And contradicting Nature, rather,  
That we so very often find  
A foolish son of clever father.  
How often, to the world's surprise,  
A Phœnix but a Goose produces! —  
Nor can good breeding quite disguise  
The one whose nature's still a goose's.

While genius and greatness, too,  
Break out in most unlooked-for places,  
And gifts and talents not a few,  
In families where ne'er a trace is,  
'Tis said by some, already great,  
— Themselves are doubtless illustrations  
To clearly prove the rule they state —  
That greatness comes thro' Ma's relations.

Distinction comes, then, as a rule,  
Of being born of gifted Mothers:  
No great man's Ma could be a fool  
— Tho' he has several foolish brothers.  
As theory this commands respect;  
To dare dispute it you would never —  
For now you come to recollect,  
Your own dear Mother, too, was clever!



## IN MANY MOODS

### A Hint for Borrowers

As you're willing to always give credit,  
And to give a poor devil his due —  
'Tis yourself who so often have said it —  
Give me credit for frankness, now do,  
And lend me a hundred, or two!

## IN MANY MOODS

### Nicotina

(By a Fire-Worshipper).

....

Leave me, dainty phantom Muses!  
To whom all poets bend the knee,  
Each my fancy but confuses,  
Keeping pen from gliding free,  
'Til my rhyme its mate oft' loses;  
I'll no thought have born of thee!

To-day another Muse finds favour,  
And her presence softly clings,  
While her breath of fragrant flavor  
Oft' my happiest vision brings;  
And the moment I but crave her  
Sorrow lifts her leaden wings.

Oh, her dreamy balmy kiss is  
Such my lips shall never tire;  
Her embrace a poet's bliss is,  
And it glows with warmth of fire.  
Inspiration such as this is  
Inspiration I desire!

Tho' no eye but mine hath seen her,  
She is one who ne'er deceives;

## IN MANY MOODS

Bright her dreams, and none serener,  
Which she brings and, lingering, leaves;  
And her name is Nicotina;  
She my 'broidered fancy weaves.

See, her argent drapery drifting,  
Light and white as fairy snow,  
Gloomy shadows softly lifting,  
Gently floating to and fro;  
Mirrored scenes for ever shifting;  
Pictured memories come and go.

In her mantle all enfolding,  
Nestled in its soothing furls,  
Sweetly idle converse holding,  
Sport I with her tangled curls;  
Aerial fancies newly moulding,  
While the world so madly whirls.

And her votive fires are burning,  
Busy day and silent night;  
Shapes fantastic weaving, turning,  
Incense clouds of pearly white.  
Yet her fragrant kiss I'm yearning —  
— Pipe's gone out — and I've no light!

## IN MANY MOODS

### May and December

It will seem rather strange, and the fact I'll allow,  
For I may be too old for that sort of thing now,  
But I've kindled the love—yes, the truth, I avow,  
    — The love of a beautiful Miss in her 'teens.  
And stranger than all, for so guileless is she,  
No secret she makes of her liking for me;  
And, without any coaxing, she sits on my knee,  
    Tho' it isn't what strictest propriety means.

Yet there she will nestle for ever so long,  
Confessing her love in a soft, dreamy song,  
And with never a notion of anything wrong;  
    For whoever might see her she cares not a rush.  
And her beautiful eyes in their fondness shine,  
While I'm smoothing her hair so glossy and fine,  
And her dear face she raises caressing to mine,  
    With never so much as a maidenly blush.

Yet where is the blame in attachment like that?  
She's my faithful and favourite old Tortoiseshell Cat.

## IN MANY MOODS

### A Song From the Street

The world without seems cold and dreary,  
And on the window of my room  
The ruddy fire, so warm and cheery,  
Reflects itself against the gloom.  
And faintly — thro' the north wind, bringing  
In its breath the chilly sleet,  
Comes the voice of plaintive singing —  
Some poor minstrel of the street.

'Tis a song I well remember,  
Far-off, yet familiar, tune,  
Bringing back in drear, December  
Scents and scenes of leafy June;  
Dear old song, once sung to gladden,  
Made to make the heart rejoice,  
Yet to-night it does but sadden,  
Borne on some poor minstrel's voice.

While it sets my heart a-longing,  
Memories sweetly sad arise;  
Ghosts of other days are thronging,  
'Til a mist obscures my eyes.  
'Twas a song that cheered and brightened,  
One a loved one chose to sing;  
Oft' this song love's raptures heightened  
In those days long taken wing.

## IN MANY MOODS

Who can be the outcast weary,  
Like a shadow on the snow,  
With a voice so sad and eerie,  
Singing thus in accents low?  
— Whose the Swan-song softly dying,  
Like the moan of hunger-pain?  
— List! the wind's low, plaintive sighing,  
Seeks to drown it, yet in vain.

Turn the lights on, close the shutters.  
What a night! God help the poor!  
And those minstrels of the gutters!  
\* \* \* What! a beggar at the door?  
No loose pence have I — a pity,  
When to giving one's inclined —  
— Oh, send him off; his mournful ditty  
Made forget I've not yet dined!



## IN MANY MOODS

### Vanity Fair

A wealth of the sunniest golden hair  
In ringlets adorned her brow so fair,  
And fell in a brilliant Danæe shower,  
Framing her face in a charming bower.

And her velvety cheeks were of roseate hue,  
Her eyes were the bluest of heavenly blue  
— Her face altogether a painter's dream,  
A dainty study in strawberries and cream.

But, alas! for human folly and pride —  
The truth must be told in a soft aside —  
Every curl on her brow, every hair on her head,  
Had belonged to persons long since dead!

And her beautiful head, of such classic mould,  
Not even a spoonful of brains could hold.  
And the lips that could put the red rose to the blush,  
Had borrowed their tint from the carmine brush.

Her orbs, so well fitted with diamonds to class,  
Where false to the view, and were nothing but glass,  
And their stony expression could never relax,  
— For she was but a hairdresser's model of wax.



## IN MANY MOODS

### To the Homecoming Heroes

From out of the Storm and the Darkness;  
From out of the Awful Night,  
Bringers of Peace and Promise,  
Heralds, at last, of Light!  
And the battle-scars bear witness  
To the price you have had to pay;  
But the smile from the face of Victory  
On your banner shines to-day.

And the sacred fount of Freedom  
Shall the wine of Life renew,  
While the paths of Peace be guarded  
By sentinels such as you!  
You have brought us the prayed-for blessing,  
Bought with your blood and pain,  
And the gift of a New Year's gladness,  
— May it usher in Reason's Reign!

## IN MANY MOODS

### A New-Year's Wish to a Maiden

Along the path thy feet shall tread  
May seeds of happiness be spread,  
To blossom into brightest flowers,  
With sweet perfume to fill thy hours,  
And o'er thy soul a fragrance shed.

## IN MANY MOODS

### Street Children at Play

("In dismal swamps fair Lilies white occasionally grow.")  
ANON.

Out from the Schoolroom, and into the street,  
Where the pools on the pavement, just left by the  
shower,  
Gleam tempting to wanton and poorly-shod feet  
As a heaven-sent boon to divert for an hour.  
Quick as winged insects the ragged mites pour,  
To splash in the rain-streams that gutterwards  
run;  
Forgotten their lessons, captivity o'er,  
Now merry as may-flies that sport in the sun.

Lost to their ears, in the riot of play,  
Is the rumble and roar of the Town-traffic's tide.  
Ah, innocent urchins, romp while ye may,  
For the storm and the battle are raging outside!  
Ah, dance to the street-organ's jig-measure, dance,  
O gutter-bred cherubs, O flowers of the grime!  
Drink of life's pleasures while offers the chance;  
Oh, taste ye of Life while yet there is time!

The crotchety tune of the street-organ floats  
A-down the alley, and floods the slum,  
And in quick response to the Hamlin notes  
The raggedest urchins expectant come

## IN MANY MOODS

To join with the rabble, to skip and hop —  
'Tis only the child with the crutch that lags —  
And their shuffling feet, will they ever stop?—  
Fairies and sprites, tho' in graceless rags!

Ah, keep up the game, for 'tis Nature's boon,  
That childhood should smile on the bosom of Care,  
And dance ye your jigs, for too soon, too soon,  
Your feet shall be caught in the tangled snare.  
Snatch all the joy that the moment may give;  
For, with Life as the Teacher, you soon will learn  
Of the price you must presently pay to live,  
When others shall dance their jigs in turn!

Now gutter and pavement, and step and curb,  
Serve them for playground and nursery, too,  
And, exchanging their lessons in noun and verb,  
They talk as their fathers are wont to do.  
Oh, cheaply got are the slum child's joys;  
The common-place happening cause for glee;  
Thrown-away rubbish and crocks its toys;  
And the court-way's dramas are witnessed free.

And Nature for these than the fates more kind,  
Can draw from the vulgar the veil aside,  
And the alchemy bright of the infant mind  
Reveals rich treasure which trifles hide:  
The gutters unswept and the turgid stream  
That trickles its course from the stagnant hole,  
To them are the oceans of which they dream,  
And float their vessels from Pole to Pole.

## IN MANY MOODS

And deft little hands and inquisitive eyes,  
Keen for discovery, ever alert,  
In Matter find more than the scientist wise,  
As they model their tasteful designs in dirt.  
— Where the buttercup gleams in the meadow green,  
And milk-white daisies the pastures stud,  
Never by these but in fancy seen;  
Yet there's poetry for them in the plastic mud!

Oh, the country-child by the sunshine browned,  
Who breathes of the air that tints the cheeks,  
Can never know of the pleasures found  
Where the crowded slums' rich garbage reeks!  
Oh, the child of Nature that roams the fields,  
Only to gather the flowers that grow,  
The sweet delights that a back-yard yields  
He never can share and never can know!

Weeds of Life's garden, these flowers of the shade!  
Sown by the chance winds, and blemished and  
stained.  
Yet many as chastely moulded and made,  
As the rarest of blossoms so tenderly trained!  
— There is many a flower that was once but a weed;  
There is many a weed that might pass for a flower.  
There is many a thirsting and down-trodden seed  
That would burgeon to beauty in Summer's sweet  
shower.



## IN MANY MOODS

### A Short Essay On Human Vanity

“Not one will change his Neighbor with himself”—(POPE).

If 'tween ourselves and those on Mars  
By any chance dispute could follow,  
Man's voice would ring among the stars,  
“The Human Race could beat them hollow!”  
— Though Man, just when it suits his whim  
Will claim all Nations as his Brothers,  
None else are good enough for him —  
His own is better than all others.  
So very proud his skin is white,  
He praises God he's not a nigger;  
It marks him as superior quite  
In intellect, if not in figure.  
He boasts about his native land,  
As if 'twere his by special favour,  
None else so cultured or so grand,  
Where Beauty's fairest, hearts none braver.  
Nor does he hesitate to show  
A preference for his own dear County;  
He eulogises it as though  
It quite exhausted Nature's bounty.  
Whatever place or neighbourhood  
He has the honour to reside in,  
He thinks none other half as good  
As that which he so takes a pride in.

## IN MANY MOODS

His family and pedigree  
To prove superior he labours;  
In this or something else is he  
Much better than his next-door neighbors.  
And thus the Universe so wide,  
With all the very best created,  
Is in himself identified —  
All else is somewhat over-rated!



## IN MANY MOODS

### Joy-Bells

Did Nature invite to her banquet of Life,  
That sighs should commingle with music and  
mirth?

Should laughter be drowned by the war-drums of  
strife?

— Listen! — the joy-bells are ringing o'er earth!  
Listen! the warbling minstrels of Spring! —

Hark, to their rapture's re-echoing trill,  
— Lyrics of gladness, songs on the wing,  
As daffodils dance in the breeze o'er the hill!

See by the stream where forget-me-nots glow,  
See where the lily there heaves on its breast  
Its cradling petals as white as the snow,  
Fairies are dreamily lulling to rest!

Ask, then, of Summer in regal array,  
Ask of her Pages in rainbow sheen —  
Ask of thy soul on this golden day.

Where may the beauty of Life be seen!

## IN MANY MOODS

### A Summer Sunset

A trail of scattered rubies o'er an opal sky,  
Through which the golden paths of glory spread,  
And oriflammes of splendour, mounting high,  
Flash from the Sun-god's crowned celestial head!

Below the red horizon's jewelled tapestry  
A magic carpet laid for Night's soft tread,  
When she comes forth from out the stellar sea,  
By Venus, with her fairy lamplight, led.

## IN MANY MOODS

### Curtain

And now, this varied Programme o'er,  
The singer takes a rest awhile,  
'Til when, mayhap, you call "Encore"  
I'll cull once more from Fancy's store,  
And perhaps another hour beguile  
With sentiment and, furthermore,  
The compensation of a smile.

You've borne with me, my patient friend,  
In all my changing moods and whims,  
— I trust that you enjoyed the blend;  
My Muse but seeks that pleasing end  
When lightly she Life's surface skims  
For those who on occasion spend  
A brief respite from Psalms and Hymns!

When next you pass an idle hour  
With vagrant verse and simple rhyme,  
Come! choose my fare of sweet and sour;  
You'll welcome be in shine or shower  
— And not have far to climb!  
If would'st a seat in Poesy's bower,  
I'll meet you here some other time!









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